

Sports Illustrated

SAFE DRIVING

AN IMPORTANT NEW SERIES

JANUARY 30, 1961

25 CENTS





Regis. ©1964

*To your private list of the civilized things of life,
you may now wish to add Palatial Vinyl Corlon floors.*

Taking its gracefulness from a more leisured, elegant era, this new Armstrong vinyl floor is a welcome change of pace in interior design. Yet Palatial Corlon interprets its stately design theme in an absolutely modern way, with the most talented of the new flooring materials, pure vinyl. It took vinyl to give Palatial such translucent

depth, such shimmering golden tracery. Palatial Corlon costs about \$195 installed in a 12' x 15' area. We will gladly send you a list of dealers, together with a booklet of color schemes specially created to go with Palatial. Write Armstrong, 6101 Weston Road, Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 11-8, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q.

Palatial Corlon is one of the famous **Armstrong VINYL FLOORS**

Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" inserts appear only in the copies of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** that go to our friends in the advertising business.

January 30, 1961

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

Take the A Frame

A couple of weeks ago a man walked into one of the quaint antique shops in Boston called Holiday House. He asked the proprietress, "By any chance do you sell a pre-fabricated Swiss chalet?"

The lady looked over her glasses and said, "No, we don't, young man, but it's funny you asked. Do you know, in the last week I've received about \$35,000 worth of checks from people who wanted to buy them!"

What happened, as pieced together by Dick Haskell, our Boston Sales Manager, was a result of the article in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** issue of last November 21st, our Ski Issue, entitled "Accent on the A Frame," by Peter Blake. It was truly an enticing piece on the fast-growing phenomenon of the American ski chalet, which had particular appeal to that other fast-growing phenomenon in American life, the serious weekend-skiier and his family.

Mr. Blake's big mistake was to mention the name of one of the manufacturers of the pre-fabbed A frames, referring to it as "a Boston concern called Holiday Homes." First of all, it was in Nahant, not Boston proper; second, it was so new that it wasn't in the phone book yet. However, that didn't deter **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** readers from writing, from all parts of the country, to whatever sounded like Holiday Homes, and hence the misdirected bonanza to the little old lady of Holiday House.

(For those of you who did write—or who may now want to write—it's Holiday Homes, 33 Vernon Street, Nahant, Massachusetts.)

* * *

Moonlighting in Vermont

Don't ask me how I got a copy of the Middlebury College weekly paper, but if they could be reading our Ski Issue in Middlebury, Vermont, I guess I could be reading their paper in New York.

Since this is a family magazine, I'm happy to pass along this tip from the ad of Keller's Middlebury Ski Shop, because they quote from the **SI** article on ski equipment:

(continued on other side)

"O.K.—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED said it better, but we said it first. The weekend skier should beware of racing gear . . . The novice skier will actually ski better on a pair of \$25 to \$40 skis than a pair of \$100 racing models. Also, we have long said, a well-fitted pair of boots in the \$30 to \$40 range will provide comfort, support and control—the super-tough racing boots are not for the novice. (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—'Boots for the racer are about as comfortable as chain gang shackles'—yep, they sure do say it better)".

Thanks for the plug, Mr Keller. Our ad rates are reasonable, too.

* * *

The Sharkskin is the Equalizer

On the subject of reasonable rates, a good example of salesmanship was brought to my attention the other day. One of our promotion executives went into Wallach's in New York, a men's store whose ads are as engagingly informal (as well as a shade more grammatical) as those of Keller's Middlebury Ski shop.

Wallach's was having its annual January sale, and our boy, after spotting one suit he liked, saw another he particularly liked. He tried on the coat and the 3-way mirror shouted back at him, "Get it!" Then his heart sank as he glimpsed the price tag—it wasn't on sale and it was \$145.00.

The Wallach's salesman, quickly taking in the situation, said, "So why don't you look at it this way. That brown sharkskin you liked first was \$85—but it's sale-priced at \$64.75. The sharkskin is the equalizer. Now you've got two suits you really like, and together they're costing you less than \$90."

The promotion man sure looked good on both Monday and Tuesday, in those two new suits.

I don't know whether I'd qualify as a Wallach's salesman, probably because I couldn't possibly live up to the cheerfulness of those ads, but—if you've set your heart on a real, big expensive advertising campaign; you've sold the boss and the agency and the board of directors; even your wife thinks it's a great idea; and now you wonder whether or not you can afford it—remember that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is the equalizer. For less than \$100,000 you can also run a 2-color page in SI every 3 weeks from now until 1962; reach nearly a million prospects who have double the median income of U. S. families-in-the-mass; have two campaigns running instead of one; and still be within your budget.

* * *

The Executive at Work and Play

Some time back we showed you some of the faces of the New U. S. Executive—the active, energetic, sports-backgrounded man who is increasingly finding his way to the top of American life these days, in business and industry, the professions, government.

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 14, Number 4

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME INC., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except two year-end issues combined. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. U.S. and Canadian Subscriptions \$4.75 a year. This issue published in National and separate editions. Additional copies of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: (Spain, SF1)—\$24.

(continued from front flap of this insert)

We have been calling this man the "new face of leadership," and have been singularly gratified to note that among the fewer magazines that he has time to read thoroughly and regularly *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* continues to show up on his list. Now may I call your attention to a page from a recent Newsletter of the Twentieth Century Fund. The Fund and the *Harvard Business Review* are collaborating on a forthcoming study of executives and their attitudes toward work and leisure.

One of the tables shows that the panel of 5,000 executives in the study spent 66 hours a week on the job (including travel, business entertaining, etc., outside of actual office work) and 35 hours on "leisure activities." Of the leisure activities, 21.8 hours per week were devoted to hobbies and sports.

In another table, headed "How Would Executives Like to Use Additional Leisure?" 75% mentioned "active sports," which was only second to the 82% who checked "education and reading." "Watching sports" was checked by 45%.

Callaway's conclusion: it may be that with life getting more and more competitive and complicated, businessmen are having to drop many of the things they may once have had time for. And they are getting back to the more basic activities that keep them in shape for the daily struggle and those that they can do with the entire family—namely, active sports. Which is why a) so many men with a background of sport seem to be making so much progress and b) *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is getting on and staying on so many executives' personal reading lists.

* * *

This Week's Cover Story

One sport that nobody ever gets around to mentioning as the most popular of all, despite the box-car figures for participation in bowling, fishing, softball, basketball, and all—is **driving**.

I'd like to call your attention to our coverage of *that* sport in this issue, and in two more articles over the next few weeks.

In it, through the windshields of three of the world's leading racing drivers, Rodger Ward, Jack Brabham, and Pat Moss (sister of Stirling) you will see how you can restore driving to the enjoyable occupation it once was when you first took the wheel—and how by taking the tips of drivers who drive for a living, you can actually be a more competent and safer driver yourself, at the same time.

It wouldn't be quite proper for our editors to pat themselves on the back, but it's certainly fitting for me to congratulate them on their approach to driving in this series. If you have young drivers in your family, as I have, I hope you will make sure they read it.

* * *

(continued on back page)

(continued from preceding page)

How's Your P.L.B. I.Q.?

Here's a little test of your knowledge of how well you know who's advertising where:

	True	False
In 1960, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED carried more pages of men's apparel advertising than <i>Esquire</i>	☐	☐
In 1960, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED carried more pages of passenger car advertising than either <i>Newsweek</i> or <i>U. S. News</i>	☐	☐
In 1960, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED carried more pages of camera advertising than any general magazine	☐	☐
In 1960, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED carried more pages of beer, wine, and liquor advertising than either <i>Time</i> or <i>Life</i>	☐	☐
In 1960, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED carried more pages of travel advertising than <i>Holiday</i>	☐	☐

Answer: All true except the very last—we're still well behind friends at *Holiday* in travel pages, but we're coming along fast; *Esquire* and *Newsweek* keep reading these pages as I expect you to.

I'm often asked, "Why do you keep pressing the point that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is ahead in this and first place in that? Isn't the last thing an advertiser wants to know is how much competition he'll have in pages of the magazine he's considering?"

Well, that may be true, and maybe I do carry on a little too much. But then why do the producers of "My Fair Lady" keep fostering the notion that it's virtually impossible to get a ticket for their show? and why does the public then pull every wire and spend all kinds of money to achieve the impossible?

It's just human nature, I guess. Or, as the ancient Swedish quotation puts it, "En klok fiskare metar där stimmen är tjockast", meaning "the wise fisherman casts where the lines are thickest."

In Italian it's "In Roma, fa come fanno i Romani," as you know. In French, it is, of course, "Ne cherchez pas l'amour chez les vieilles filles," or "Look not for love in the old maids' home."

Or, finally, this well-known Japanese saying, which roughly translated, is "If thou wouldst sell saké, sell it on Saké Street."

Most advertisers, if not all, must heed these maxims—for as far as we can figure out only 4 magazines in the U.S. carry more consumer advertising pages than does SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Pete Callaway
Advertising Director

*The above quotations, the result of painstaking research by our Promotion Department, were used last year in an ad in *Automotive News*.

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Meet The Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay — Imaginary Island in the Sun

The Pepperell Family goes gondoling on Cotton Cay

On Cotton Cay there's always time for the pleasant things in life. A gondola ride with Father. Watching a flaming sunset. Basking in the golden sun.

But Mother knows it takes careful planning to be a civilized beachcomber. That's why she insists on the family's sportsclothes being tagged Pepperell.

She knows these fabrics will machine-wash. Can't fade, shrink, wrinkle or wilt. Need just a touch of



the iron. All this and they're "Sanforized Plus", too!

Furthermore, the colors and textures are a perfect mélange of daring and restrained good taste.

And, of course, Mother has utter confidence in Pepperell wash-wear. For these fabrics come from the same company that has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for her mother, her grandmother, and even her great, great grandmother.

Contents

JANUARY 28, 1961 Volume 15, Number 1

Cover photograph by John G. Zimmerman

- 12 **Four Fine Days by the Sea**
The golfing pros won the money, but the amateurs had all the fun at last week's Crosby pro-am
- 16 **My Take-home Pay as an Amateur**
A runner reveals how under-the-table payments kept him going for seven years
- 23 **Bites for the Frostbitten**
Neither fog nor frost nor snow nor lack of water can stop an angler from his appointed sport
- 28 **Safe Driving**
Registering an important new series on the art, fun and responsibility of safe motoring
- 42 **Warm and Lovely**
That's a fair description of the new "wet suits" that make skin-diving a cold-weather pleasure
- 46 **Chasing Rocket's Record**
Frank Mahollich of Toronto is shooting hard at the most-quick-per-season mark
- 52 **A Trip for Ten Tall Men**
The Los Angeles Lakers take an exhausting swing around pro basketball's national circuit

The departments

- 4 Scorecard
- 9 Coming Events
- 45 Hockey
- 48 Track and Field
- 50 Charles Goren
- 55 For the Record
- 61 Basketball's Week
- 63 19th Hole
- 64 Pat on the Back



16



23



28



42



46



52



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 245 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except two year-end issues combined. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in national and magazine editions. Additional pages of magazine editions numbered as follows: Annual, 341-342.

Advertisements on page 47

Next week

Seven pages of color photographs show why Santa Anita, with its sparkling turf course, flowers and spectacular back-drops, is the most beautiful racing plant in the country.

Carlson Mitchell describes a unique cruise of the Amazon, a sea rich in history and filled with lovely islands whose people today still proudly reflect the heritages of the past.

The curious, carnival atmosphere of Indian track and field, a sport that sometimes is more like a circus, illustrates a striking group of photographs by Martin Nathan.



SCORECARD

Events, Discoveries and Opinions

APARTHEID

Behind the current AAU-South Africa fuss are some simple facts and a simple solution. South Africa invited some of our track and field men to a meet there, and the AAU is now checking with those athletes to see if they would like to go. This is the way such international meets are normally arranged; the AAU does not choose the athletes. The AAU cannot be held responsible for the invitations.

Clearly, however, the South Africans are responsible. In the sprints, they did not invite Frank Budd, Paul Winder or Stone Johnson; they snubbed quarter-milers Otis Davis and Ted Woods and high jumpers John Thomas and Charles Dumas. They ignored hurdling and broad jumping, thus eliminating Lee Calhoun, Willie May, Hayes Jones, Dick Howard, Bo Roberson and Ralph Boston. All of these men—no surprise—are Negroes.

The solution: the AAU should inform the South Africans that if they pick and choose among events and athletes in order to insure all-white competition, we will not send any team at all.

THE SCAPEGOAT

In their drive for world superiority in sports, the Russians have been especially eager to achieve supremacy in basketball because it is the game Americans not only have dominated for years but one we originated. Their plans called for an Olympic victory in Rome, and when the U.S. easily won its fifth gold medal there, the Russians started looking around for a scapegoat.

Last week in the youth paper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, Head Coach Stepan Spandarian was nominated as chief villain. One of Spandarian's assistants put the finger on him, using such language as "low level of discipline," "lack of courage," "inadequate tactical preparation."

The truth is that Spandarian, a small, dignified man who insists on

correct on-court behavior by his players, has done a remarkable job of raising Russian basketball to a respectable level of competence. A country that had no basketball tradition just a few years ago is now the second or third best in the world. It is quite conceivable that Russia would be a genuine threat to the U.S. in the 1984 Olympics if the continuity of coaching were maintained.

Now, undoubtedly, Spandarian will be fired. Russia's loss is our gain.

HOW TO BAKE A SNAKE

Bill Harney is a 65-year-old Australian guide, outdoorsman, friend of the aborigine, bush cook and author who will, when hunger seizes him, knock



over a goose, native-style, with a stick; dig turtle eggs from the beach; eat witchetty grubs from a tree or catch a python. He tells how to cook these and other consistencies of the Australian bush in *Bill Harney's Cook Book*, just published in Melbourne.

"If a snake is killed and thrown straight on to the fire, it immediately twists and turns into a very disconcerting shape indeed," Harney writes. The approved manner for baking a snake requires a fire and two men. They sit, one on each side of the fire, and stretch the snake (dead) over the heat, passing it to and fro slowly. "The idea of this, the natives say, is to throw the juices back into the flesh and at the same time relax the muscular contractions." Harney

admits that most people have an antipathy to snakes, but nevertheless "the flesh is excellent eating, as is the flesh of the goanna."

Other advice useful for cooks in Westport or Milwaukee:

"All the kangaroo is good to eat." The legs, when cooked and skinned, look somewhat like ham, "and if you wish to make them really tasty make incisions in the flesh and insert small pieces of bacon."

"In the early days, possums were caught, cleaned and cut up, put into a hollowed-out pumpkin which was then roasted—and a very tasty pie it was, too."

Harney's outback friends include The Wooden Owl, "so-called because he got on with his cooking and said not a word to anybody," and Short Stop, "who, of course, did not stop long in any one place." Sitting Shot got his name when, after being fired upon while lying in his swag (or sleeping bag), he complained that "the drover was no sport, to take a sitting shot at the old bird in the nest." Blue Bob of Boroloola would cry out his "skin was crackin'" for want of a drink, and when he finally did get to town he ran up and down the street, "snorting like a horse and calling on the police to 'yard' him."

Harney has also included the words from an old bush ballad which leave the impression that at least one bush cook was not up to snuff:

Fair Australia, oh what a dump.
All you get to eat is crocodile's rump,
Bandicoot's brains and catfish pie.
Let me go home again before I die!

GUNMANSHIP

Harold Dinges, a vice-president of the Spencer Chemical Company of Kansas City, was out quail shooting the other day with J. C. Denton, the company's president. Dinges bagged several birds, Denton bagged none. Finally Denton caught a quail in his sights, fired and was pleased to see his bird plunge to earth. Vice-president Dinges quickly dispatched his new retriever, King Victor, to bring back the boss's prize. King Victor raced to the bird and—horrors—began to eat it. Quickly, Dinges made a policy decision. He raised his gun and sent a charge of bird shot at

King Victor's headquarters. King Victor dropped the bird, Denton retrieved it and thoughtful Harold Dinges is still a vice-president of Spencer Chemical.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• John David Crow, the Cardinals' All-Pro halfback, is considering a switch to the AFL. Crow's NFL option expires after this season, and Houston Owner Bud Adams probably will offer Crow the same high salary-private business deal he gave Billy Cannon.

• A sharp slump in football interest threatens the life of the Missouri Valley Conference, one of the oldest athletic associations west of the Mississippi. Most serious blow is the rejection of membership invitations by Louisville and Memphis State, both football-playing independents. The conference is torn between football diehards and schools like St. Louis which strongly favor basketball.

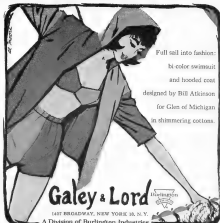
• Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones believes that in a few years 75% of the jockeys on North American tracks will be Latin Americans. "H.U.S. jockeys aren't riding your top stakes horse after six months," Jones says, "they figure you're mistreating them. We don't turn out any more great jockeys here. We're penized in by school regulations, labor and insurance laws, the Jockeys' Guild and the attitudes of the kids themselves."

• Paul Fender and Carmen Basilio are close to signing for a 10-round bout at Boston Gardens, but Basilio wants a "warmup" against Don Jordan. Fender's camp is opposed, fearing a poor Basilio performance against Jordan would jeopardize a potential \$150,000 gate.

• The Toronto Maple Leafs will make a strong off-season bid for ex-Montreal Goalie Jacques Plante, recently demoted to the Eastern League after a squabble over his use of that famous face mask. Asked whether he'd take Plante with or without the mask, Toronto's Fusch Imbach replied: "Hell, I'd take him any way. He's the best goal tender in hockey."

• There will be an abrupt end to friendly relations between the NFL and the Canadian League if NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle approves Sam Etcheberry's contract with St. Louis. Etcheberry, traded by Montreal to Hamilton last fall, claimed the deal broke his no-trade contract and

Associated



Full sail into fashion:
bi-color swimsuit
and hooded coat
designed by Bill Atkinson
for Glen of Michigan
in shimmering cottons.

Galey & Lord Burlington
1401 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10, N.Y.
A Division of Burlington Industries

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1401 BROADWAY, N.Y.

The most sophisticated . . . the most complete and the best behaved projector you have ever seen. Enjoy your slides at their biggest and best with all the work done for you! Truly a masterpiece of photographic equipment. Every feature's here to make slide showing easy and full of fun all in one projector. Things like remote control forward and



reverse. High Picture Fidelity, slide editing, brightness control, inexpensive, non-gill 10-slide tray, the exclusive observation-is-focus feature and a dozen others your dealer will show you. See him . . . and be sure not to buy any projector until you see your slides on the finest of them all—Balomatic 655 for all 2x2 slides . . . Balomatic 755 for 2 1/2x3 slides. Bausch & Lomb Incorporated, Rochester, New York.

BAUSCH & LOMB
ANNOUNCES THE MOST

sophisticated
**AUTOMATIC
SLIDE
PROJECTOR**
you can own

the all-new
BALOMATIC

BAUSCH & LOMB



signed on with St. Louis. The Canadians claim the NFL contract "means nothing"; but if it is approved, they warn, "we can go after players of theirs we'd like to have."

CAMBLING MAN

The Texas legislature—and perhaps even Texas itself—will never be the same after Representative V. E. (Red) Berry, a self-professed retired gambler, gets through with it.

Berry, speaking with surprising candor of his reputation as a gambler and even of some brushes he has had with the law, upset strong opposition in the Democratic primary and then in the recent general election.

During his campaign, which was based on a platform of legalizing pari-mutuel betting in Texas, Berry was called into conference by a group of San Antonio ministers. "They asked me what I was doing for the spiritual welfare," Berry said. "I told them if they didn't intrude on my business, I wouldn't get into theirs. I never heard of anybody getting legislated into heaven."

When Berry took office last week, he informed the sergeant-at-arms he wanted a desk next to the House member most opposed to pari-mutuel betting, Rep. H. A. Leaverton of Evans seemed to qualify, and is now Berry's deskmate. "I figure so many people will be coming by and asking me about my horse racing bill," Berry says, "that he will eventually get curious and ask me about it, and I'll be ready for him."

Berry dresses more like a banker or a preacher than a reformed ("retired, not reformed") gambler. He lives in a huge San Antonio home which he says is worth about \$200,000. It includes a private lake on the grounds. "It is a nice house," he explains. "I won it off an old millionaire playing gin." He believes the return of horse racing would help solve Texas' tax problems—his only interest in serving in the legislature.

"A good way to get me out of the legislature," he retorts to those who criticize his presence there, "would be to pass this bill."

NO PLAY, FOR PAY

In December 1958 Hallback Gene Gedman of the Detroit Lions injured

his knee. This, it now develops, may turn out to be one of the momentous injuries of all time, for the knee failed to heal properly, Gedman retired from pro football, and the Michigan state compensation department has ruled that the Lions must pay Gedman \$38 a week for up to 500 weeks, or a total of \$16,600.

Compensation Referee James Broderick based his decision on a 1912 state law that requires an employer to pay an injured employee part of his salary and all of his medical expenses. "Gedman was a skilled employee," said Broderick. "As such, the law states that although he recovers from his injured knee, Gedman is legally disabled as long as he cannot return to his skilled profession—namely, football. He is entitled to payment of the difference between what he was making at full physical capacity and what he can now earn"—that is, \$33 a week. (Since his retirement, Gedman has been earning about \$11,000 a year as a real-estate salesman.)

Violent disagreement with the decision comes, naturally, from Lions President Edwin J. Anderson. "We won't settle," Anderson says. "It's the president we're concerned about. If this goes through, everybody who ever played for Detroit and got hurt could come back and collect."

The Lions insist that Gedman, as an athlete, is not a workman but an independent contractor who negotiates his own salary. Appeals by Anderson may delay a final decision in the case for months. But if Gedman eventually scores a clear legal victory the effect on professional sport could be staggering. In Michigan, and in many other states, it will be far, far better for a lot of other athletes to have played and been hurt than never to have played at all.

JFK VS. ODE

The announcement by Colorado Governor Steve McNichols last week that he had purchased the state's No. 1 fishing license for President John F. Kennedy caused consternation at the Game and Fish Department. Colorado's No. 1 fishing license was purchased in late December for President Dwight D. Eisenhower. Game and Fish bases its hopes of avoiding a serious conflict on the reasonable assumption that JFK is more for touch football than for fishing.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MIKE BLAYLOCK, Canadian-born filling station operator, led Detroit Curling Club to five victories and first place in club's 50th International Bonspiel, declared: "I've played many sports but none has taken all but for pressure. This works out."



GIULIANA MINUZZI-CHENAIL, Italy's "Little Prince Mathew," announced her withdrawal from competitive skiing has centered Grindewald, Switzerland meet at her daughter's insistence, related through a 54-page course to win special slalom.



DAVE VOLK, Baltimore taxi driver who is the nation's sixth-ranked duckpin bowler, et, studied two world records with a 16-game score of 3,450 and a 36-game total of 1,167, made a slick string of spares in the 36th annual evening 500 championship.



LOUIS RUSSO, 16-year-old senior at Tallahassee, Fla. The Bronx, dubbed "Rabbit" for his fast, snappy brand of basketball, survived a tough sectional match, scored on his 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 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Here's the difference you'll like—that deep, cool, kiss-of-the-hops flavor. You get it in Schlitz, and only in Schlitz.

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Standard Equipment: Sports-type control console • Tachometer • Hydra-Matic with stick control • Power windows • Power steering • Power brakes • Power seat • Starfire Engine with 16.25-in-1 compression ratio • 648 lb.-ft. torque at 2900 r.p.m. • 330 H.P. at 6000 r.p.m. • Dual exhaust system • Fiber-optic mufflers • High-performance 8.42-to-1 rear axle ratio • Top-grain leather interior • Bucket seats • Matching carpeted luggage compartment • Embossed aluminum side molding • White side-wall tires • Wheelbase, 125" • Overall length, 215".



Nestle into that foam-cushioned bucket seat! Slip the smooth, stick-operated Hydra-Matic into "Drive"! Put your toe to Oldsmobile's exhilarating Starfire Engine! In an instant you know... *this car is unique!* Precision-engineered—with ultra-high compression, high-speed camshaft, high-torque rear axle—for the man who thrills to true sports-car performance, who appreciates custom craftsmanship. See your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer for complete details.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

COMING EVENTS

January 27 to February 2

All times are E.S.T.

* Color television * Television * Network radio

Friday, January 27

BASKETBALL (colg) 1
St. John's at St. Louis.
(colg)
Detroit at Boston.
Philadelphia at New York.
Syracuse at Cincinnati.

Saturday, January 28

BASKETBALL (colg) 1
Marquette at Bradley, 8 p.m. (ABC).
Dundee at Glen Ridge (Spartan Network regional TV) 7 p.m.
Cincinnati at St. Louis.
New York at Philadelphia, 2 p.m. (NBC).
BOATING
Lagos, Capetown, Miami.
BOWLING
Brooklyn Stars, Baltimore vs. Kismet, 6:30 p.m. (ABC).
Hale-Thel Stars, Chicago vs. Graceland, 10:45 p.m. (ABC).
BOXING
Caldwell vs. Farnsworth, middle, 10 rds., Mad. by London, New York, 10 p.m. (ABC).
HORSE RACING
Chicago at Toronto.
Detroit at Montreal.
POKE RACING
Bongorville Terri Handicap, \$5,000, Hoboken Sports Network regional TV.
Riverside, New York, Maryland, Maryland, New York.
SPIN RACING
Nashville, Chicago, St. Paul (also Jan. 29).
TRACK & FIELD
Boston A.A. meet, Boston.
Washington State at Seattle, Washington, D.C.

Sunday, January 29

BASKETBALL (colg) 1
Detroit at Los Angeles.
Philadelphia at Boston, 2:30 p.m. (NBC).
Syracuse at St. Louis.
COLF
Cabrera, Gall, Irvine, Bob Dering vs. Stan Smith, 8 p.m. (NBC).
HORSE RACING
Detroit at Boston.
Montreal at Chicago.
Toronto at New York.

Monday, January 30

BASKETBALL (colg) 1
Glen Ridge at Wisconsin.
(colg)
Boston at Cincinnati.
Detroit at Los Angeles.
BOATING
Miami, Valley Stream, Reno, Miami.

Tuesday, January 31

BASKETBALL (colg) 1
St. Bonaventure at Marquette.
(colg)
Boston at St. Louis.
Los Angeles vs. Detroit, New York vs. Syracuse at New York.

Wednesday, February 1

BASKETBALL (colg) 1
Detroit at St. Louis, Syracuse vs. Philadelphia at Syracuse.
New York vs. Boston at Providence.
WFL
Palm Springs, Chicago, Chicago, Palm Springs, Calif. (through Feb. 1).
POKE RACING
Chicago at New York.

Thursday, February 2

BASKETBALL (colg) 1
Bradley vs. St. Bonaventure at Mad. by Glen Ridge, New York.
(colg)
St. Louis vs. Los Angeles, Philadelphia vs. Cincinnati at Philadelphia.
POKE RACING
Chicago at Boston.
New York at Montreal.
Toronto at Detroit.

* See local listing



Patty McCormick, Olympic diving star

Patty McCormick's "secret" for judging good places to eat

"Being a gal who's on the go quite a bit, and who likes good food," says diving champion Patty McCormick, "I've learned a trick or two about judging eating places.

"My 'secret,' if you want to call it that, is just a simple five-letter word—H-e-i-n-z. Wherever I see a Heinz Soup Kitchen, I know I can get soup—or a Minute Meal—just like the ones I have so often at home."

P.S. Patty's right about the ready-to-serve Heinz Soups you get when you eat out. They taste just like the Heinz Condensed Soups you enjoy at home. You'll find piping-hot *Heinz Soups* and *Minute Meals* available in vending machines in many plants and office buildings, too.

You feel at home wherever you find

HEINZ QUALITY FOODS



EQUIP YOUR CAR WITH AND GET **36⁰/₀** **MOR** AT SPECIAL

NOW an ALL-NEW 24-Month Guarantee against ALL ROAD HAZARDS

Just think—the ALL-NEW Firestone DeLuxe Champion Tire is so superior in safety, in strength and in quality that Firestone guarantees it for 24 months against tire failure from blowouts, cuts, bruises or breaks caused by normal road hazards encountered in everyday driving.

This guarantee is in addition to the famous Firestone Lifetime guarantee against defects in workmanship and materials.

Now, wherever you drive, this iron-clad double guarantee protects you. You can ride with complete peace of mind knowing that

you will get prompt and courteous attention and service from the nationwide network of over 50,000 Firestone Dealers and Stores.

Yes, the ALL-NEW Firestone DeLuxe Champion, with its Firestone safety-fortified cord body and its exclusive all-action tread, sets ALL-NEW standards of performance—in non-skid safety, in body strength, in steering ease, in riding comfort and in long mileage. So don't delay—find out NOW how little it costs to put a set of ALL-NEW Firestone DeLuxe Champions on your car at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

SPEEDWAY-PROVED FOR YOUR TURNPIKE SAFETY

FIRESTONE NATIONWIDE PASSENGER CAR TIRE GUARANTEE

1. Guaranteed against defects in workmanship and material for the life of the original tread without limitation as to the time and mileage.

2. Guaranteed to give satisfactory service in normal passenger car driving for the number of months specified, effective from date of purchase.

We will replace without charge at a place with your size and type Firestone tire the one that is damaged under action of two paragraphs.

Replacement under either of these guarantees will be granted on proof of wear and found on our road test price basis of 50¢ of adjustment.

ALL
NEW **Firestone**
DeLuxe Champ

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THIS ALL-NEW TIRE E MILEAGE INTRODUCTORY PRICES

In all the world there's no other tire like the ALL-NEW Firestone DeLuxe Champion that comes as original equipment on America's finest 1961 cars. And it's so easy to buy—your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store is featuring special introductory prices and generous trade-in allowances. You can buy on the convenient Firestone budget plan, with payday terms if you desire.



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FOUR FINE DAYS

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Seldom had The Crosby had better weather, and addenda had it had more erratic exhibitions. Bill Casper, who had shot a horrendous 78 on his opening round at the relatively mild Monterey Peninsula course, came back with a course record of 65 on the third day at the bru-

tal Pebble Beach links. In the 18 holes Casper putted only 25 times. Dave Hill, a promising newcomer to the pro tour, went from 67 on opening day to an 85 on the last. Aging Ted Kroff, who had a four-stroke lead on the field at the start of the last day, finished with an awful 81.

In the end it was Bob Rosburg, the 1959 PGA champion, playing his typ-

Photograph by Rex Fells

DEFENDING CROSBY CHAMPION, KEN VENTURA, PARTNER OF TWO-TIME U.S. AMATEUR



BY THE SEA

Bob Rosburg led the pros, but an inspired cast of old and young amateurs preserved the format that has made The Crosby one of the best tournaments in the country

Socially conservative game, who won the day. A chilly 26-knot wind blew ocean spray across the Pebble Beach course, and Rosburg found himself standing in the lead in the 1961 Crosby with Dave Ragan, a stocky young pro from Daytona Beach, Fla., and Pro Bill Collins, a long hitter from Baltimore, directly behind. As he waited on the 17th tee, Rosburg

watched Ragan, playing just ahead of him, take three putts for a double bogey. Rosburg took a two-iron out of his bag and made the decision of the day—to play safe into the bunker guarding the green rather than to risk a shot into the sea (the sea surrounds the 17th on three sides). He reached the bunker fine and was down in two putts for a bogey.

On the 540-yard 18th Rosburg again played safe, using a two-iron off the tee and also for his second shot, thereby avoiding a flirtation with the sea on the left of the fairway. He was on the green with an eight-iron shot in three and sank a 14-foot putt for the birdie that gave him the tournament.

These were the events that caught

continued

CHAMBER HARKER WARD JR. DRIVES FROM THE 17TH TEE AT CYPRESS POINT COURSE AS PACIFIC WAVES SURGE BEHIND HIM





EXERTING FRESH ENGLISH. PRINCE DICK Groat LEANS AWAY FROM DRIVE AS ART WALL (LEFT), ARNOLD PALMER SHADE EYES

FOUR FINE DAYS continued

the attention of the gallery in the closing hour of The Crosby. But the real tournament, the action that separates The Crosby from the rest of the weekends of the winter golfing calendar, was the pro-am, and that was won by a 49-year-old corporation lawyer from San Francisco named Frank Tatum Jr. and a skinny 28-year-old professional from Fairlawn, N.J., Wes Ellis. Together, they had a best-ball score of 252—56 under par for four rounds played on three nerve-racking golf courses, Pebble Beach (twice), Cypress Point and the Monterey Peninsula Country Club.

No one insists that the team of Ellis and Tatum is the best combination of pro and amateur that could be put together in 1961. Although Ellis is an able younger golfer, his score on his own ball for The Crosby was only 289, which put him in a tie for 18th place in the pro competition. Tatum is an excellent two-handicapper—as a Stanford undergraduate he won the intercollegiate championship in 1942—but he is not likely to crop up again in the national golf news. This weekend, however, a pro like Ellis and an amateur like Tatum meshed their talents for a moment of real glory. This is what makes The

Crosby such a fascinating interlude in the week-to-week routine of tournament golf, and this year's Crosby made the point as well if not better than any of its predecessors.

As always, most of the great names of golf answered the muster—Arnold Palmer; former U.S. Open champions Cary Middlecoff, Billy Casper, Julius Boros, Ed Furgal and more; former Masters champions Jack Burke, Jimmy Demaret, Art Wall, Claude Harmon and more; PGA champion Jay Hebert and such of his predecessors as Walter Burkemo, Lionel Hebert and, of course, Rushing. For four days one saw the likes of these playing in partnership with some very exciting people who made their reputation elsewhere but who also play respectable, albeit fallible, golf.

A good example of this was the foursome of Arnold Palmer, Art Wall Jr., Alvin Dark, the new manager of the San Francisco Giants, and Dick Groat, the National League's batting champion and Most Valuable Player. This foursome attracted the largest crowds of the tournament. It wasn't just because Palmer is the most thrilling golfer of the moment, fresh from his first victory of the year at San Diego, or because Wall is still the impeccably precise golfer who dominated the tour in 1959. Dark and

Groat lent a glamour to the group it would never have had if they had just been two other professionals.

The foursome teed off for the first time at Cypress Point with a crowd of several thousand dogging them. Dark, who was Wall's partner, was playing with a seven-stroke handicap, and he underscored his ability to hit to right field by pushing his first drive into the rough on the right side of the fairway. Groat, Palmer's partner, played with 10 strokes, and he turned out to be a strong pull hitter as he smacked a long tee shot to the left of the fairway. Palmer and Wall were far down the middle.

Groat played a five iron for his second shot and was the only member of the foursome to reach the green in two on this 418-yard hole. Wall's second was on the apron just past the green, Palmer was in some long, ugly grass to the right and beyond the green, and Dark was in the rough below and to the right. Dark chipped out delicately, rolled some 15 feet past the flagstick and then sank his putt for a par. Palmer dug his ball out of the weeds with a wedge, but it rolled 28 feet past the hole, and he missed the return putt by an eyelash to take a bogey. Wall and Groat were both down in four and an entrancing golf match was under way.

A good deal of the time Dark, who was constantly in trouble, could be seen ambling across the fairway and into the rough with that weary stride so familiar to baseball watchers. Playing shots from frightening lies in long grass and behind tall trees, he showed the marvelously competitive spirit that made him such a good football player at LSU and helped bring two pennants to the Giants when they lived at the Polo Grounds. Great, wearing a black cap similar to Dark's, turned out to be a long-ball hitter but an erratic putter. Many of Great's tee shots were right alongside Palmer's and Wall's, but he lacked the methodical consistency of the pros, and the crowd seemed to bother his concentration. When he missed a shot he would slap himself on top of the head with anguish and exhort his face in self-derision.

Neither of the two baseball stars was of spectacular help to his pro in the best-ball competition. At the end of the round Great had helped Palmer's two-under-par 70 by six strokes for a best ball of 64, four strokes off the leading score of 60. After three rounds, the team had a best ball of 195, only 14 strokes better than Palmer's 209 on his own ball. It was good enough to qualify for the final day's low 40 but 10 strokes behind the leaders. Dark was even less helpful; he aided Wall with only four strokes on each of the first three days, and they failed to make Sunday's cut.

Two teams were tied with an average 12-under-par 60 after the first day's play. One was composed of Jack Burke Jr., the youngest Texas veteran, and amateur George Coleman, a rich, middle-aged Oklahoma oil man who is a great friend of Crosby's and has been playing in top-flight golfing circles since his youth. With the help of a natural eagle two on the treacherous par-four 14th at Cypress, giving his team a net one on that hole, Coleman improved Burke's very fine 68 by eight strokes.

The other leaders were Dow Finsterwald and Fred Kammer, the latter a 46-year-old Detroit businessman who was a baseball and hockey star during his undergraduate days at Princeton. Kammer supplied nine strokes to Finsterwald's individual 69.

But a lot of the cheers of the first day and thereafter went to two somewhat senior athletes who refused to be daunted by the mediocre performance

of their pro partners. One was Ernie Nevers, the fellow whom Pop Warner quite rightly called one of the two greatest football players of all time. Let it be remembered that it was 36 years ago that Nevers, running on two freshly mended ankles, played against Knute Rockne's Four Horsemen in the Rose Bowl and gained almost as much yardage by himself as they did in concert. Nevers has put on a bit of a paunch, but he is still a fierce competitor. His pro came in on the first day with a dismal 81, but Nevers, with a handicap of 10, was able to lower their best-ball score to 63, just three off the pace.

Another oldtimer out from the same kind of cloth is Eric Pedley, the superb international polo player. Pedley was in the Army in World War I and a member of the team that won the U.S. open polo championship in the summer before Nevers played the Four Horsemen. On Thursday Pedley's pro had a 77, but he brought their best-ball score down to 64. Plenty of spines tingled over the performances of these two aging but still marvelous athletes.

It feels like these that make The Crosby something more in golf than just another stop on the circuit, although some of the pros have been slow to realize it. Jack Fleck, the 1965 U.S. Open winner, has been heard to mutter that he can't stand those society golfers, and now and then his complaint may be justified. On the other hand, there was the year when Fleck refused to show up for the final day's play because he was out of contention for the individual prize money. His amateur partner, Charles Seaver, played on alone and did as well that Fleck received some of the pro-amateur prize money anyway.

Coast sportscasters—Vin Scully and Bud Foster—were complaining on their radio show last weekend that the amateurs were spoiling The Crosby and should be dropped from the competition during the final two days. "They ruin the TV show," one of them said in effect. However, this year's Crosby demonstrated that, thanks to the amateurs, it is still sport and not show business and deserves to be reported in this journal rather than Variety. **END**

FRED DOW FINSTERWALD (WHITE SHIRT), FRED KAMMER (CENTER) SEARCH FOR BALL



MY TAKE-HOME PAY AS AN AMATEUR SPRINTER

by MIKE AGOSTINI

A native of Trinidad who now lives in London, Mike Agostini was for seven years a notable sprinter—good enough to compete all over the world, good enough to become the track-and-field equivalent of a tennis hustler, firing on gifts, excessive expense allowances and valuable prizes received in violation of the amateur rules. The under-covers payments Agostini writes



about here certainly are not unique. There are plenty of currently operating track barns, supported and encouraged by cynical officials and ambitious promoters. What should be done about them? Whether or not one agrees with Agostini's proposed remedy, his controversial and bitter story sheds light on the most serious problem besetting this most universal of sports.

I am writing this story on my own portable typewriter. It was an illegal prize for running second to Archie Hery, now Olympic sprint champion, at a meet in Dortmund, Germany in 1958. It was a part of my prize for running there, though officially all that the crowd saw me receive with an appreciative smile was a silver ashtray, the cost of which was within the \$35 limit on a trophy that an amateur athlete could accept. By previous arrangement with the promoter, I swapped the ashtray for this typewriter outside the stadium.

Just a typewriter. Value—under \$100, maybe. But enough to write finish to my amateur status if anyone had discovered it being given to me openly.

Throw in the hotel expenses for the German meet, the airplane fares we received and an "appearance fee" of around \$80 in cash, and you have just one athletic cameo of "abnormalism," which, you can take it from me, is repeated a thousandfold wherever athletes entertain the public, and to which I plead guilty, utterly, completely and irrevocably.

Running is a passion with me—the important part of my life. In committing myself to print I well realize that I shall never again be allowed to compete. But in putting down my experience, drawing attention to the rackets that are really designs for living forced by the out-moded rules, perhaps I shall be able to draw attention to the farcical situations caused by applying ancient rules to modern requirements.

Just as in any other sport, it takes years to get to the top in track. Once there, you have to work even harder to stay on the summit. Yet the amateur rules demand that the athlete go on thrilling the thousands for nothing—except the bare return of his out-of-pocket expenses.

So the only way that a man can stay at the top is to look around for ways of making money that will enable him to live. He is quickly apprised of those ways—by his fellow athletes, by the promoter of meets seeking his appearance and by the coaches, who are professionals and therefore often the middlemen between the promoter and the athlete.

The coach approaches the promoter and receives all money, which he hands on to the athlete. Some coaches even get their commissions from these so-called expenses. Should there be any query as to the athlete's status, both he and the coach deny that they were in collusion. The AAU cannot touch the athlete, and since the coach isn't an amateur in any case, he, too, is not affected.

In Oslo, Norway in 1958, at the end of a Scandinavian tour, I saw a famous coach paying out "earnings" to his stable of athletes in the foyer of a hotel. There he was, and for all to see, stating "the amateur rules say nothing against me making a gift to my close friends and athletes out of the goodness of my heart."

For the squeamish there is another way of receiving illicit payments. This is in the simple form of betting. An athlete asks an official for \$250 to compete at his meet. The canny official refuses, on the grounds that it is illegal to pay an athlete. Later he makes a bet with the athlete that he cannot jump over an ordinary dining room chair. The side stake—\$250.

The athlete accepts the bet, jumps over the chair and collects his winnings. This I have seen happen.

When I started running I was the true-blue amateur. I paid all of my own expenses and bought all of my own equipment. It would never have occurred to me to ask or accept a dime for running. And even if I had I wouldn't have got it, for the drill is to make yourself known first and start demanding afterwards. The Agostini Dawn of Realization came way back in 1962.

That was the year of the Helsinki Olympics. I was 17 and I had been invited to run at a post-Olympic meet in which many of the gold-medal boys of that Olympics were competing. My airplane fare had been donated by an airline company by which I was at the time employed. I went prepared to meet all of my living and other expenses.

It was on the second day of that meet that I first encountered what I came to know later as shamateurism. One of the leading middle-distance

men in the world, a mustachioed champion who can still be seen around the athletic world, was sitting in the dressing room and fuming as I entered to get changed.

"Man, I don't run until I get my money," he was telling one of the meet organizers who was with him. It didn't occur to me that it wasn't his expenses that he was referring to, since he was talking to an official.

My friend must have got what he was asking for because he went out later in the afternoon and set a couple

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of records. This happened to be a five-day meet, and later the same official came to me and handed me \$15 (about \$45) as my spending money for incidentals. I was hesitant to accept it—but he was an official and I presumed must have known what he was about.

Now a much wiser Agostini realizes that I should have asked for at least 10 times that amount—for that was the kind of money that was being paid for that particular meet.

I soon realized that more could be taken from athletics than just the winning medals and records. And, wonder of wonders, there were officials, too, who were willing to go along with this idea. In England a world-renowned Amateur Athletic Association official, whose name is respected by all over there, told me in 1958:

"Mike—see as much as you can, travel as much as you can, make as much as you can—but for God's sake don't

get caught, old chap, for it is my job, you know, and I must come after you if you do."

That is as near verbatim as it can be!

For those naive enough to imagine that this happens only overseas, let's take a look at my personal experiences in the United States. My first visit to America was in 1933 when, with expenses raised by friends, I competed in the AAU National Championships at Dayton, Ohio. I was fortunate to make the finals, although finishing last. I was the only schoolboy in the finals that year.

This, plus the fact that I could run the 100 yards in 9.4, was enough for some of the American college coaches. Soon after, I received many offers promising free room, board, books and tuition to attend quite a few colleges and universities.

Athletic scholarships cover most of an athlete's expenses during his four years of college. An athlete may receive as much as \$110 a month to perform the duty of watering the school track daily. There are some instances where athletes receive their allowances for "keeping the coaches' desks tidy." At one school I received \$50 a month for answering the telephone in the coach's office when no one else was there to do so.

I finally decided to accept an offer to attend Villanova University in

Philadelphia after one of the alumni thoughtfully sent me a postal order for \$100 to assist with preparations for going there. This alumnus was a former international runner. He explained that he himself had been to Villanova on an athletic scholarship, had been treated very well and knew what the costs were of traveling from one country to another to study, and "hoped to assist me with a small gift."

College or club

I arrived in the United States in late December to begin studies at Villanova during the second semester starting in February. On my arrival I got in touch with the coach of a club that already boasted several Olympic gold medalists on its membership list. I had met the coach the previous summer, when he was the manager of an AAU touring team. Since I was not due to register at Villanova until February and the indoor season began early in January, he suggested that I should run for his club.

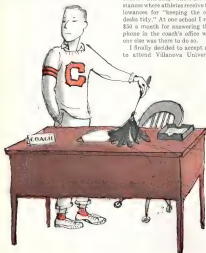
The club's offer was fabulous. On joining, I would be given a sum of \$600 to help with preparations for the indoor season. After all, a man does need some good clothing to travel around from meet to meet. The club, it was said, would also pay all of my expenses to every meet that I competed in for them. In addition to this I could also ask for expenses from the meet promoter as was legally allowed, and this I could keep for myself.

Nice work—for an amateur!

Why this generosity? Simply a public relations venture. They get the athlete's services, the club gets its publicity and its social and service ends are enhanced.

Before I accepted the club's offer I decided to call on a member of the coaching staff at Villanova. That call settled who I would run for indoors. I had no choice. It was Villanova—where I had elected to study—or I wouldn't be in school that spring.

What a track team Villanova had when I went there! There were Charlie Jenkins, who went on to win the Olympic 400-meter title in 1956; Dan Bragg, the Olympic champion in the pole vault in Rome in 1960; Alex Beckenridge, who ran in the Olympic marathon in 1960. The following year this group was joined by the great Irish runner Ron Delany, who won the 1,500 meters in the 1960 Melbourne Games.



Most holders of athletic scholarships are "in the care" of an alumnus. These are men who have been assigned athletes to "look after" during their stay with the school.

I first learned about this after I had loudly expressed my dissatisfaction with Villanova. The next day I was approached by an alumnus who said he was just a friend of the school and wanted to ensure that I would settle in all right. He took me to a downtown clothing store and bought me a complete outfit. A \$75 overcoat, a \$70 suit, \$20 shoes, \$6 shirts, as well as ties, socks and handkerchiefs. I still have the suit. Its label reads "Harris Goodman—Philadelphia." He told me to bring any troubles to him. After that, whenever I ran a good race he always had some small present for me.

Despite it all, I transferred to another school at the end of the term. I didn't like having to run for everything I wanted. I felt that since I depended on the school for everything, they had too good a hold on me. So I transferred to a small West Coast college—Fresno State, in California. There I got nothing but my books and tuition, plus the opportunity to work for everything else

that I wished to have. I was free to do as I pleased—to do my own negotiating.

There is big money in indoor running in the U.S. Unfortunately, I found out how much could really be made much too late. I had won some of the early meets and was being hailed as the find of the indoor season.

It was then that I was approached by one of the older runners, who was also an Olympic champion.

He asked me: "Hey, how much are you making?"

"Making?" I asked, somewhat surprised. "Why the school pays all of my expenses and I get some spending money as well. That's all."

"Well, listen," he told me, "you'd better start asking for something, because while you're winning races at these meets and not asking, it makes it hard for the rest of us to get anything."

This merely confirmed what I had

suspected at Villanova. I thought I had been doing quite well there—receiving gifts from the alumni and, of course, all my living expenses at school—even though it did not quite compare with the initial offer from the club. Now I knew it as a fact—there was other money to be made in addition.

Prices for running at indoor meets vary according to an athlete's event. Sprinters, plentiful in the U.S., may get from \$50 to \$125. Middle-distance men command a higher fee, ranging from \$100 to \$200. The milers are the best paid of all. Some can command fees of \$1,000, and the average miler gets between \$300 and \$400.

The promoters can afford it. They need big names to draw crowds, and even if they have to pay out a few thousand under the table the 15,000 spectators they attract at prices up to \$4 a head adds up to quite a lot of dollars.

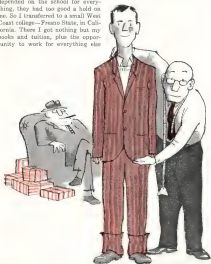
I was sitting in a hotel room in New York talking with two Olympic champions when one of the major New York promoters entered and offered one of the Olympians \$500 to run in his meet. The promoter was told succinctly that the price was \$600, not \$500, "and for you it's \$800 or nothing." The runner got his price, plus all expenses, including return airplane fare from California to New York.

Mythical Nights

This particular athlete was a great believer in the air-fare racket. He would move to New York for the indoor season but retain his California residence. Then he would request a California-New York return fare, first class please, for every meet. Except for his original trip out and his eventual return home, he cashed in all the tickets, thus adding to his amateur income.

I did something similar in 1959 on my way back from a trank trip to Australia. I arranged to stop off in Los Angeles to compete in the Coliseum Relays. The terms were \$150 toward my air fare, which had already been taken care of by the Australians, who had paid for my round-trip ticket from Trinidad. In addition to this, I received \$75 as full expenses for five days in Los Angeles, though I stayed for only three days.

The top athlete holds a whip hand. One of the funniest incidents I can



remember concerned a middle-distance Olympic gold medalist. His price to the promoters was known to be a dollar a yard. It made the reckoning easier. One indoor promoter paid him only \$400. The runner showed up at the meet, started in his race and led from the gun. At exactly 400 yards he pulled up, apparently with a muscle strain. Later the promoter, commiserating with him, asked how the injured leg was and received the curt reply: "Injured leg? Man, you paid for 400 yards, and you got what you paid for!"

The outdoor meets, primarily on the West Coast, are also big sources of revenue. Crowds run to 40,000 or over, and promoters are more generous to the average athlete at these events. They often allow full expenses of \$15 per day for periods of up to one week, even though the athlete may not arrive until the day before the competition and may leave the following day.

There was one case where a miler and his coach both received all expenses to several of these meets, plus their return fare home—around the world! Thus they were able to get to Europe on the expenses from the American meet, and in Europe were able to receive their fares to and from the countries in which they competed.

Europe is the happy hunting ground of the shambour, with Scandinavia the best area for the athlete in search of extras. It is said that some runners make more than \$14,000 a year, and after my own experience there I am inclined to believe such stories.

My first visit to Scandinavia was after the 1958 Empire Games in Cardiff, Wales. One of my countrymen, a West Indian, told me that he had been able to clear an average of \$3,000 annually for a number of years. I was given a Swedish contact and duly wrote to him. He was a member of the Amateur Athletic Association of that country. He wrote back immediately, telling me that he would be happy to include me in some of his tours.

I had been warned by a British athlete that I should make my demands before racing or I might be taken for a ride. I made my move after the third meet. I told my Swedish contact that I liked the food and the country, but that at the rate we

were going it would not be worth my while to stay on, since I'd be better off returning home and making money at a steady job.

He told me he was an association official and couldn't do anything more for me. I hit back with the knowledge that some athletes were receiving more than their legitimate expenses and unless I had some similar arrangement I would leave the next day. At that time I was the best sprinter around. I had beaten the West Indians, who had won at the Empire Games. In three out of three races. So we settled at a minimum of \$40 a meet, plus living expenses and prices.

The Germans, Too

While in Stockholm watching the European Championships I was told that the Germans wanted me to run in Cologne. I met the German promoter and settled for a first-class camera, plus 300 marks and all traveling and living expenses. The Swede, who was our go-between, received the equivalent of my air fare from London to Sweden. Purely business!

En route to Germany I ran in Finland, where I learned that my fee was going to be paid to the Swede for me. And they, too, paid the equivalent of my London-Sweden fare to the Swede. Again, purely business! I don't know where this money went to but a similar amount was also paid by the organizers of a meet in Norway where I ran before leaving Scandinavia.

On the return journey I discovered that my fare from Sweden to London had been met by the organizers of a meet in Paris at which I competed before my return to Britain. All of which made it a wonderful financial merry-go-round.

The big payoff was made in Norway, but my Swedish "agent" deducted from my "fees" some extras in living expenses that I had run up at the hotel in Stockholm. I couldn't argue about it since we were both breaking the rules and he was an association official. And, in any case, from my Scandinavian sojourn I had earned just over \$700, enough to live on until I got running again.

At the meet in Germany I got my promised fee and the camera, but I noticed that a sprinter who finished behind me in the race was reluctant to let me have a look at his prize,

which was also a camera. It turned out that his was a more expensive model than mine.

The Germans invited me back for some more meets, as I had run 10.2 for the 100 meters and 28.6 for the 200—the best times in the world for the year. This time I raised my fees and also insisted on better prices. They agreed willingly. In 1959 I spent three weeks in Finland and Sweden, running 17 races in 18 days, and collected over \$1,500 clear from air fares, appearance fees and expenses generally.

In Rome at the Olympic Games I saw many meet promoters. They were there to glean what they could of the abundance of Olympic talent available. They mingled openly with officials and athletes, bartering for the latter's services. I myself received offers of \$75 for three meets in Finland—a low price, but there was a buyer's market in Olympic champions. When the Games were over, there was a mass trek of athletes from Italy to the northern countries. You may be sure that the athletes and coaches who knew the ropes were doing well on their tours.

It is time for track and field to be cleaned up, and the way to clean it up is to amend our thinking on amateurism generally. Perhaps the answer is to raise the amount that an athlete is able to accept as legitimate expenses. This would not mean that all amateurs could receive such expenses—certainly not. It would depend simply on their worth to a promoter.

Most assuredly, this would be preferable to the present under-the-table system. Athletes should be allowed to appear on television and radio and make public appearances and accept legitimate and proper fees for making such appearances.

After all, track and field is big business. The crowds don't flock in to take a look at the officials. It is the man streaking down the track who fires the spectator's imagination and brings him to the arena. Top entertainers in other pursuits get paid for their drawing power and are not constantly threatened with the stigma of "professionalism" or suspension.

This is my plea. Clean up athletics by cleaning up first the laws that make men sinners. Let athletic fame be an asset to a man or woman both during and after his running. **END**



to the man who doesn't know a tappet from a teapot

Legend persists that sports car owners have to be automotive tinkers. But with a Corvette that's not necessarily true. All one needs to do, to enjoy a Corvette, is sit there and *drive*. Who'd want to fool around with such a magnificently self-sufficient V8 engine anyway? Corvettes are for people who get a kick out of getting there. Even those who don't like driving find that driving a Corvette is another matter altogether. This automobile has proved itself in every kind of automotive competition, and 1961 brings it to you in its most refined form, with an impressively wide selection of luxury and performance equipment. City and country alike abound in streets and roads that are lying dormant, awaiting the magic touch of a Corvette. Drop into your Chevy dealer's and see how fast you can awaken those roads and sample some *real* fun and excitement.

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10,000 Bites for the Frostbitten

Dined on chilis, some 5,000 Michigan fishermen swarmed over a frozen Detroit lake the other day for the annual Metropolitan Beach ice-fishing derby. The fog hung low and the cold was biting, but so were the 10,000 yellow-belly perch that were hauled through the 12-inch ice sunny side up.

IF NOT A PRIZE IN SIZE, THE PERCH CAUGHT BY JAY GOLDEN, 7, WAS AT LEAST THE FIRST ONE LANDED IN DERBY



30,000 BITEB *Continued*

As dawn broke over Lake St. Clair, many fishermen already had staked out their claims and commenced their shivering all-day vigils. They came fully prepared with stools, hot coffee and brandy.



Photography by Art Shry



Since proffered prizes were of nominal value only, the rewards sought and found by most contestants in the fishing derby were largely intangible. Nevertheless, contest judges checked all catches to make sure none had been smuggled in from a fish market.



CENTRAL HEATING for this canvas shanty is provided by packed bodies of Detroit Welder Ed Rzepka and his family. Rzepka earned fishing line through hole drilled in the toy patio.

IMPROMPTU TWO-STEP of slides and glides helps stave the blood and pass the time for transformed Ron Beadle and his date Barbara Klack as they wait for fish to trip their line.





FLAUNTING FISH. *Net Barrow* happily taunts his rivals. With such delicacies as maggots, fish eggs and fish eyes for bait, many contestants massaged those lives at once.

LONGEST PERCH was caught by grand prizewinner Matthew Szukalski (below left), who used minnow-colored with furs from cap of his brother Marvin, the runner-up,



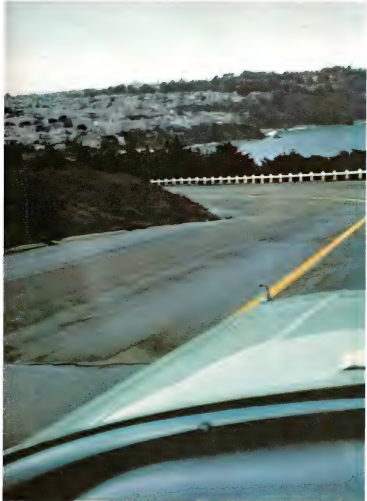
SAFE DRIVING

AN IMPORTANT NEW SERIES ON THE ART, FUN AND RESPONSIBILITY OF HANDLING TODAY'S CARS

More than any other country in the world, the United States today lives in its automobiles. Along with the abundance and variety of cars, however, there have come problems, the most serious of which is safety. Fortunately, much has been accomplished in this field, and each year driving has become, comparatively, safer. But much more remains to be done, for too many Americans have grown careless and lazy in their highway habits. In this issue Rodger Ward, winner of the Indianapolis "500" in 1959, contributes the first article in a three-part series designed to lead U.S. car owners to happier motoring, whether in a city tunnel (opposite) or on the open road. In later issues, Australia's World Champion Driver Jack Brabham will show you how to drive a sports car and England's pretty Pat Moss, a champion rally driver, will discuss motoring under the foulest of foul-weather conditions.

continued





ON AN OPEN ROAD

Framed in the windshield, as inviting as a mystery, a California landscape looms—a pastel town, the blue Pacific, a bold green promontory. Beyond, crossed by a great latticework of pavement, lies the land itself in all its variety, open to anyone with wheels to roll on and eyes to see.

continued





TOWN AND TURNPIKE

Trolleys cling to cables on San Francisco's steep streets, where motorists must slip into a low gear, but traffic (right) flows speedily through a dense forest of concrete pillars on a limited-access expressway. The proliferation of expressways has cut tight knots of congestion but has created hypnotic dangers.

—RICHARD D. LEE



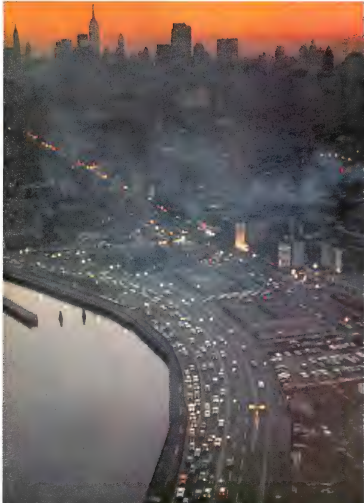


SNOW AND SUN

Beasty, particularly on the road, has its dangers. When snow falls, as in the New York street scene above, it blurs vision and blends colors, limits the windshield's useful area and treacherously coats pavements. When the westerling sun falls in early evening, as on the highway at right, it burns into the eyes and it blinds. But drivers need fear neither situation if they follow the ways of safely tested on road and track by Rodgar Ward.

continued





'IT'S MEANT TO BE FUN'

By RODGER WARD, 1959 INDIANAPOLIS CHAMPION

For a long time now, this country has been working up a bad case of nerves over its traffic safety record. Motorists are warned of the slaughter on the highways and advised to drive defensively at all costs. Newspaper and radio accounts of holiday traffic casualties sound like wartime battle reports from Omaha Beach or the Changjin Reservoir.

Nevertheless, after nearly 25 years of civilian driving and 15 years on the speedways, I still believe, as I did when I jumped into my first Model T Ford, that driving is meant to be fun. I also believe that it can be just about as safe for the individual driver as he wants to make it.

Admittedly, I race cars, but I haven't the slightest desire to break my neck in an automobile—on or off the track. I race to express myself; racing is the thing I do best. I accept the risk as part of my professional job. As for the highways, I drive on them to get from one place to another as smoothly and enjoyably as I can. I like the solid feel of a steering wheel in my hands and a responsive gas pedal under my foot. I think most Americans do, too.

In both cases, it's fun; but the idea of taking pleasure in driving is becoming more and more submerged as this country becomes increasingly jittery about traffic dangers. I think it's a shame.

For one thing, I don't believe a man can be seized into the proper mood in which to approach the art of



WARD EXCELS ON EITHER TRACK OR TURNPIKE

good driving any more than a boy can be cuffed and kicked into an appreciation of, say, violin playing. For another, the traffic situation isn't as dismal as many U.S. drivers have been led to believe. Turn to the chart on the next page and look at the statistics: a quarter of a century ago, in the year 1934, there were almost exactly as many fatalities as there were last year—38,000. But in 1936 there were only 49% as many cars and trucks in use. Considering the number of miles driven today and the number of cars on the highways, the traffic death rate has declined dramatically. Driving, clearly, is safer in 1961 than it was 25 years ago.

Granted, 38,000 deaths and nearly 1½ million injuries in one year are deeply disturbing figures. They demand everybody's constructive concern. But a jittery driver is a bad driver. What is needed today is not fear but confidence. If motorists are to realize their full potential for safe and pleasurable driving, they must, first of all, be made aware of the solid improvement that has already been made in safety. From there they can go on to acquiring or sharpening good driving habits.

Of all the skills in driving, the most important is concentration. Everyone can appreciate how vital it is to concentrate in racing, where split-second decisions must be made at speeds up to 185 miles an hour. Out on the highway the margin for error is considerably wider. But for just that reason the problem of staying alert is more difficult.

Everything about the Indianapolis "500" tends to keep my mind fully engaged: the speed, the competition, the necessity of getting through the turns at something near, but never beyond, the limit of tire adhesion. On the highway, an extra, conscious effort is needed to keep one's concentration at high pitch. Mile after routine mile goes by.

Suddenly a tractor creeps onto the highway ahead from a side road. Any of a dozen minor emergencies like that might occur on a given trip, yet be safely disposed of if the driver is concentrating as he should.

This mental preparedness should begin before a driver ever starts a trip, whether it is a 20-minute run to the office or a 20-day swing around the country. Getting set, getting in the mood, is as important to him as it is to a sprinter lined in the starting blocks. Anything that increases his capacity for enjoying cars and stimulates his pride in mastering them is bound to make the proper frame of mind that much easier to come by.

His next duty is to be sure, positively sure, that his car is dependable and fully equipped. I wish every driver could see for himself how much effort goes into the preparation of the Indianapolis racing cars. Every car has a crew of expert mechanics. Every critical component is tested for flaws and replaced if defects are discovered. I would never accept an unworthy car. Nor would I ever think of accepting second-rate service for my passenger cars. It is false economy of a particularly dangerous

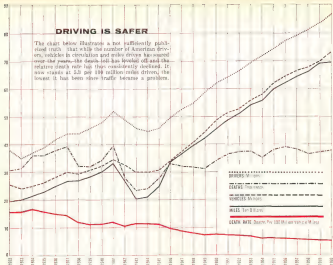
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COURSING A GREAT CITY

Their headlights glimmering in the twilight, cars stream along Manhattan's East River Drive against a backdrop of tall, imposing towers.

DRIVING IS SAFER

The chart below illustrates a not sufficiently publicized truth—that while the number of American drivers, vehicles in circulation and miles driven has soared over the years, the death toll has leveled off and the relative death rate has thus considerably declined. It now stands at 2.5 per 100 million miles driven, the lowest it has been since traffic became a problem.



SAFE DRIVING *continued*

kind for a driver to pinch pennies on mechanical upkeep. Thoughtless neglect is just as inexcusable.

Wise owners have their cars gone over periodically at a reputable garage—and without fail before every long trip. Wheel alignment, proper headlight adjustment, brakes, battery, muffler, steering assembly, shock absorbers—these are some of the most important items that all drivers should have checked regularly and conscientiously.

Tire pressures should be checked routinely whenever you buy a tankful of gas. You may not realize how dangerous underinflation can be on the highway. Among other things, it causes excessive sidewall flexing, and this produces excessive heat buildup, which is the great destroyer of tires. The manufacturers' recommended pressures will give a nice, soft ride.

That's fine in town. But at today's high sustained average speeds on turnpikes, thruways, expressways and the like, those pressures are too low. Have the service station man add three or four pounds to the recommended pressure whenever you take a trip.

As you can imagine, I believe in the benefits of safety equipment. Most of the new cars come with padded dashboards and visors. They all have slatted steering wheels to make the steering column less menacing in case the driver is pitched forward. It is up to the individual driver, though, to provide himself with some basic safety equipment—above all, seat belts. There is no more important safety item than seat belts. If they were used by all drivers the drop in traffic fatalities and injuries would be considerable. One of the more conservative estimates made after careful study of crashes by Cornell Uni-

versity research scientists is that universal use of seat belts would decrease major and fatal injuries by 35%.

Seat belts aren't costly, nor are they bothersome to use. They can easily be obtained in all parts of the country. They will be installed on new cars at the factory if the buyers so specify. So far, unfortunately, not many have done so. Eventually, the states may make belts required equipment on all cars. They should.

It is not until a driver's mental and mechanical tune-up is accomplished that he is really ready to take the wheel. As he does, he should sit back comfortably and grasp the wheel in the reliable 10-to-2 position, in other words, with the left hand where the minute hand of a clock would be at that time and the other at the hour position. Both hands should be on the wheel. I know from experience that a person's ability to control a car falls off drastically if one hand is

playing hooky. And once on the road, he must be prepared for any of hundreds of different situations.

It serves no purpose to attempt to review here all the things that could happen; as I said before, it does no good to scare people. But there are certain fairly common predicaments motorists get into, and it is surprising how few know what to do to extricate themselves from them. You can see for yourself by trying this little quiz:

What do you do if: 1) A tire blows out at tangle speeds? 2) Your engine dies at a place where you cannot safely drive off the pavement? 3) You lock up the brakes and begin to lose steering control while making a sudden stop? 4) You are trying to get back on a parkway after fixing a flat? 5) A car approaches in your lane, threatening a head-on collision?

These are questions I often ask myself. They help to keep me alert and aware of my driving. Now that you have had a moment to think them over, check your answers against mine: 1) Brake very gently or not at all; steer firmly to a gradual stop. 2) Park as far to the right as possible; run immediately to signal cars approaching from the rear. At night leave your driving lights on, warn following traffic with flares or flashlight. 3) Immediately lift your feet and then use cadence braking—quick, repeated stabs to prevent the brakes from locking again. 4) Turn your wheels at a steep angle, cut them back as soon as you are on the road. 5) Don't freeze at the wheel. Keep your nerve. First bank your horn and flash on your lights, in case the oncoming driver hasn't seen you. If he doesn't react, or can't regain his lane, pull to the extreme right, patting two wheels or all four off the pavement. If you have to, hit a ditch, a stand of saplings or low bushes or scrape a retaining fence rather than risk a certain head-on accident. For a different head-on situation, while passing another car, see the diagram on page 41.

Every kind of driving requires preparation and concentration; night driving requires the most. More than half of all fatal accidents occur at night, although night traffic accounts for only a fraction of the total flow. At night the driver's field of vision is sharply reduced. There is the glare from oncoming headlights. Check the

TEST YOUR EYES



BINOCULAR VISION (1)

GLARE RESISTANCE (2)



DEPTH PERCEPTION (3)



PERIPHERAL VISION (5)



Reprints by Debra D. Miller, AAFEP, Inc., 17 Ave. C, Suite 200, New York, and Debra D. Miller, C.A.

TESTING EXERCISES 1 and 2 are quite difficult when done with one eye, simple when done with two. Object of first is to bring fingertips together from a foot apart, of second to step forward and touch pencil point. If using both eyes you fail tests, your eyes may not be focusing images properly and you may be misjudging distance, speed. To test depth perception (3), tie strings to front and back of toy car, then park it directly between two others. This is not as easy as it seems. In glare-resistance test (4), look through tube at 100-watt bulb for five seconds in semidarkness. Within seven seconds you should be able to read this page. Your peripheral vision (5) is poor if, while looking straight ahead, you must move your arm forward more than 28° in order to see your hand. Ideally, you should see outstretched hand at 90°.

vision chart on this page, and if you are not seeing properly see an eye specialist. In the meantime, slow down to a speed your eyes can comfortably adjust to.

If you have any doubt about your ability to cope with night conditions, cut your late-hour driving to the bare minimum. I have asked my wife to do the driving on dozens of night

trips because, to be perfectly frank, I get sleepy at bedtime. I know Jo can stay awake.

In city driving, the law does not require you to keep cool in congested traffic, but you will be less vulnerable to accidents if you do. Don't ride the tail of the car ahead—especially in fast-moving traffic on city expressways, where rear-end collisions are all

continued



PROPER INFLATION of tires is essential to safety, long tire life. Correct inflation (left) gives maximum traction, even tread wear. Overinflation (center) reduces area of traction. Underinflation (right) invites sidewall flexing and dangerous heat buildup.

too common. Drivers seem to have an impulse to bunch together. Resist it. Remember that many more accidents occur at low, city-level speeds than at relatively high speeds. Have you ever inadvertently walked into a door? If you have, you know what a shock it is. Walking fast, you might be going five miles per hour. Consider what the effect would be of hitting a windshield or steering wheel at only 20 mph—four times that speed, yet a crawl in a car.

Turnpikes present different problems, as do ordinary two- or three-lane highways. The trouble with turnpikes is that a driver is not usually required to do much more than point the car in the right direction. A state of reduced alertness, usually called highway hypnosis, is very dif-

fault to avoid. Sixty miles an hour begins to seem like 30. Possible dangers seem a million miles away.

To fight this condition, shift your driving position frequently, look from side to side rather than continuously down the long, hypnotic strip of pavement ahead, sing, whistle, wiggle your toes—anything within reason. Above all, remember how fast you are going.

Be guided by your speedometer when you have lost your sense of true speed. Maintain an adequate distance between your own car and the one ahead. This should be no less than one car length for every 10 miles an hour of speed—for example, six car lengths at 60 miles an hour. That distance should be increased by several lengths at night or in bad-weather driving (see chart below).

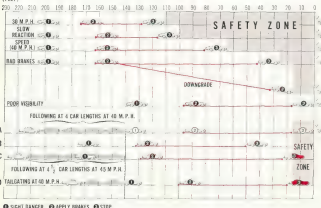
Take care not to fall into the error of believing that your car handles at

60 miles an hour approximately the same way it does at city speeds. It doesn't, and this is important to understand. Consider this situation: you are doing 60 in light traffic on a broad, straight turnpike, keeping pace with the car just ahead. You are following too closely. The car ahead slows abruptly to avoid something you haven't seen. You are too close to escape a collision simply by braking hard. You have to swerve sharply around the problem car into the open lanes. You turn the steering wheel but discover your car isn't veering as sharply as you had expected. You turn the wheel farther. Now you have overcorrected—and possibly you have begun to spin.

Here is what went wrong. As speeds increase, it takes a greater steering-wheel displacement to effect a road-wheel displacement assuring a given

STOP IN TIME

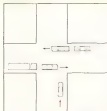
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ABILITY TO STOP is crucial. One's zone of safety (i.e., distance between probable safe stopping point and the object to be avoided) decreases as new factors are added. Thus, as shown above, a one-second reaction time, only one-quarter second slower than normal, cuts 30-mph driver's zone by 11 feet; another 18 mph of speed further reduces zone by 26 feet. Add defective brakes, a hill and poor visibility and there may not be enough space in which to avoid a hypothetical deer on highway. The problem is

compounded when two or more cars must stop (lower half of chart). In situation where the leading driver sights a deer and stops just in time (line A), the car following at a safe distance (line B) is able to halt 26 feet from the first. But in another case (C), in which the following driver has an extra half-car-length margin and is going just 5 mph faster than he was before, he cannot avoid a crash, nor can he when he has unwittingly crowded to within two lengths of the leader at 40 mph.

THREE CITY PROBLEMS...



REAR-END INTERSECTION. If accelerator jams, usual—and wrong—reaction is to try to retract pedal. Instead, switch off ignition, simultaneously put on brakes.



ENTERING INTERSECTION. If car suddenly appears at left, braking won't prevent collision. Your best bet is to swerve sharply to right, reducing the impact angle.



CROSSING INTERSECTION. If car bears down on you suddenly, it is better to accelerate hard, get out of the way than to brake or attempt oversteering to one side.

... AND ONE ON THE HIGHWAY



HEAD-ON COLLISION with Car C threatens you. In Car A, after you have pulled out to pass Car B on two-lane highway, Best solution (1) is to brake hard, let B go ahead, then tack in behind.

RISKY SOLUTION is to accelerate decisively (2), sound horn, and try to pull ahead of B, who by then should be slowing fast. If B maintains speed you may have to risk forcing him off road.

QUARTER COURSE would be to swing left (3), closing C's natural escape route and probably insuring a crash either with you or B. The emergency, of course, should never have been provoked.

turning arc. In other words, you must turn the steering wheel more sharply at 60 than at 20. But since you have had little or no experience in turning that sharply at highway speeds, your first reaction—the critical one—is ineffective.

The lesson, of course, is that you shouldn't have been crowding the car ahead in the first place; you should never, under any circumstances, invite a situation that is likely to put too great a strain on your technique.

Take pains to get into the proper lane well before you are due to reach a turnpike exit. There is nothing as hair-raising as the sight of a driver suddenly slicing across the flow of traffic from the wrong lane to make an exit he has all but overshot. If you are not in a position to get off, go on to the next exit. Do not, under any

circumstances, stop and back up to the exit you missed. Driving onto a turnpike, accelerate whenever possible to approximately the speed of the traffic flow before easing in. Watch out for trucks. Because they're big, they seem to be going slower than they are.

Never permit yourself to run the slightest risk of causing a head-on collision. Any driver or passenger not using a seat belt who survives one is lucky indeed. Head-on accidents occur more often on ordinary highways than on turnpikes, where medial strips separate the driving strips, but they happen on turnpikes, too, when drivers fall asleep or try to see the road through alcohol fumes. On ordinary highways the biggest offenders, of course, are those who pass on hills and curves. It may be maddening to

slag along behind a creeping car—personally, I believe there should be minimum as well as maximum speed limits on thru roads—but it has never cost anyone a drop of blood, so keep your temper and wait until you can pass safely. All leg jams break eventually.

And—take it from a racing driver—leave racing to us. **END**

PART II

In the second installment of "Safe Driving," which will appear in the February 12 issue, Jack Brabham tells the whys and ways of expert sports car driving, proper upkeep.

WARM AND LOVELY

With the advent of form-fitting suits designed to get you wet but keep you warm, the sport of skin-diving is cracking the cold-water barrier and acquiring some of the beauty it deserves

by COLES PHINIZY

In the first years after World War II the bumptious new sport of skin-diving was inhibited by one frustrating reality: in water cooler than 65° diving was not much fun. Today, wearing form-fitting foam neoprene suits like those shown in the pictures on these pages, the average amateur can tolerate temperatures down to 35°. And when snugly outfitted with pants, cap, gloves and boots of neoprene a competent underwater man will dive into anything except a solid block of ice.

These developments were not easily or quickly arrived at. In the late '40s divers on the West Coast used the watertight rubber suits that characterized wartime frogmen. These suits were based on the principle of keeping the water out. Getting into one of these early so-called "dry suits" was like climbing into a kangaroo's pouch. In some models the diver had to squirm his whole body through the neck hole. In others he got in through a slit in the front, and the slack fabric around the slit was then twisted into a knot and tied down at the waist like an oversized umbilical cord. The untidy labor of getting dressed required count-down precision. If one diver in any group dressed too fast, he was apt to overheat, soak his insulating undergarments with sweat and thus defeat the purpose of his dry suit. Often some impatient novice would try to fight his way into his suit and rip it, whereupon his buddies would have to cease their struggles and seal him back in with a tire-patching kit.

Actually, once inside his dry suit a diver was quite at ease. But though he was the champion of a beautiful cause, he cut a sorry figure poised at the water's edge. In a mixed group of divers, all padded with underwear, swaddled in black rubber and splattered with patches, it was hard to tell the girls from the boys. Both sexes looked as drab as a tramp banana boat.

Over the years dry suits improved both in usefulness and appearance, but in the meantime two California physicists came up with an entirely new idea: the so-called

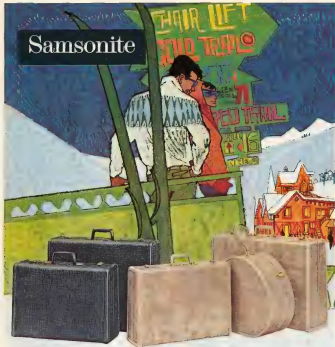
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Wearing wet suits on a Florida beach are Carol Chamberlain (left). On the Bermuda reef (right) Diana Travers, Paul Birch and Pat Dasechewski swim in cool winter water as the average barber is in summer.





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wet suit. Rather than fight the hard battle of keeping all the water out, it would be easier, the physicists figured, to design a suit that let a little—but only a little—water in. A bare-skinned diver traveling only a few hundred feet surrenders body heat extravagantly to a great volume of water, but if dressed in a form-fitting skin of insulating material that allowed very little circulation of water next to the body, the diver would need to warm up only a few pints to be comfortable in his travels.

The fabric used in the wet suits was foam neoprene, an industrial material which incorporates tiny gas-filled bubbles to increase its insulating capacity. The first suits made of neoprene were rather slack affairs, following old, impractical garment patterns that let the water circulate too freely. To reduce seepage of water, yet allow the diver freedom of movement, a good wet suit today is explicitly tailored to fit either the male or female form. With the girls now recognizable as such, the water everywhere is a trifle more appealing.

Foam neoprene is not only warming but very buoyant. Considering this, it is a wonder that wet suits as such did not actually precede skin-diving. Before skin-diving emerged from the quads there were already swimmers, surfers and water skiers who shivered, suffered and sometimes drowned in the off season. Today the White Stag Company of Portland, a front runner in the refinement of wet suits, offers models specifically designed for swimming, wave riding and skiing. The sale of wet suits has tripled since 1958, reaching a volume of around 100,000 last year, with further increase expected as the suits find use in half a dozen sports. Duck hunters are using them—and also sailors, for whom the double virtue of warmth and buoyancy makes good, safe sense. Stripper fishermen at Montauk and steelheaders in the Northwest have been caught using them. Stripermen and steelheaders are a child-blinded, masochistic lot. To them, anything new and comfortable is suspect, even if it looks good on a beautiful girl. When these dihard anglers start suiting up, the battle against cold water has been fairly won. **END**



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Chasing Rocket's record

A moody Maple Leaf named Mahovlich is threatening one of ice hockey's venerable statistics

For the last 15 years, the 50 goals in a single season scored by Maurice (the Rocket) Richard have loomed as durably in the record books of big league hockey as Ruth's 60 homers have in those of baseball. But during the last few weeks hockey's statistical peak has been approached by a goal-happy youngster named Frank Mahovlich, the 23-year-old, 200-pound left wing of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Last week Mahovlich got more votes than any other player in the midseason balloting for the NHL all-star team. With 37 goals already to his credit after 46 games of a 70-game season, this budding superstar seems certain to break the Rocket's record, though he could scarcely make it on the Rocket's terms, i.e., 50 goals in 50 games. Three times this season he has brought off the hat trick (three goals in a single game) and twice added an extra goal as a feather for the hat. During one seven-

game sequence he scored 12 times.

For Frank Mahovlich, a husky Ontario-born Yugoslav-Canadian, this splurge may be the turning point in a career with the Leafs that started at the top four years ago (when he bent out the Black Hawks' Bobby Hull as rookie of the year) and has seemed headed downhill ever since.

Mahovlich came into the National Hockey League straight from school (St. Michael's College, whose hockey team is sponsored by the Maple Leafs) but with an advance billing that even the Rocket might have had trouble justifying. When this much-touted recruit failed to score more than a run-of-the-mill (for superstars) 39 goals in his first season, a great many Toronto fans were not only disappointed but outraged. In the three years since then, he has inspired both fanatical partisanship and fierce denunciation among the Leaf followers. He has been called a superlative technician, a malingerer, a burn, a genius, too timid, too aggressive and just plain lazy. "I never played any game without trying as hard as I could," Frank himself says in somewhat sullen defense. "It's just that



WIDE GUY MAHOVLICH TAKES TEAMMATES

some games you seldom see the puck—so what can a guy do?"

On the ice Mahovlich still shows signs of the indolence of which he has been accused, but his sudden success has notably changed his off-ice personality. Once quiet and taciturn in the locker room and on the bench, he has now become a chronic loudmouth, his high-pitched voice seldom silent during a game. He berates the opposition, the officials and his fellow players with equal intensity, and he doesn't hesitate to argue vehemently with his coach, George (Punch) Imlach. His teammate Bert Olmstead, who has been one of the league's most accomplished bench jockeys for the last 11 years, seems relieved that Mahovlich has at last discovered oratorical powers to match his own. Says Olmstead: "You gotta keep talking to stay alert. Also, it helps loosen up a team and keeps them concentrating."

One or two other Toronto players share Olmstead's anguine view of the new Mahovlich, but some are less tolerant. "Sometimes I'd like to paste some tape across his mouth," said one player, who requested anonymity. "But what the hell can you do with a guy who's having a year like he is?" "If a guy can get me 30 goals in any single year," says Coach Imlach, "I don't care if he's a cannibal."

One of Mahovlich's favorite feuding partners is Goal Tender Johnny Bower, a patient, philosophical veteran who rarely loses his aplomb or sense of humor. After every game, or

A GUY MAHOVLICH FIGHTS HIS WAY TOWARD GOAL THROUGH THREE BRUSH DEFENDERS



at least those the Leafs win. Mahovlich and Bower got involved in a mock-serious shouting match, debating which of them should get top billing in newspaper reports.

"They'll probably say you were the star again," Mahovlich screams at Bower. "You lucky a.o.h.! If it wasn't for me you'd be back on a farm in Saskatchewan. I'm keeping you in the league."

"If you'd only play your position I wouldn't have any trouble," Bower typically retorts. "If you'd check like you're supposed to and not worry about scoring all the time I'd have a dozen shutouts. You're the softest check in the league."

Quite possibly because they are justified, allegations that he is lacking on defense are likely to send Mahovlich off on another tirade—this time against the Leafs' defensemen, who, he will claim, are derelict in their duty most of the time while he gets the blame. But Frank Mahovlich can be humble as well as arrogant. He will regale the locker room with Mahovlich-edited versions of sports page items about Bower in Bower's discredited presence, but behind the veteran (16 years) goalie's back, he will say earnestly: "We all play a little harder for Bower. He'll never quit on you, and you can't help giving a little extra for an old reathead like that."

Another Toronto teammate to whom Mahovlich defers in genuine respect is Red Kelly, the Leafs' seasoned defenseman who has now moved up to center on Mahovlich's forward line. Kelly's stabilizing influence on and off the ice has had a notably maturing effect on his young friend. "Red has helped me a lot," Frank himself says when asked about his change in both attitude and accomplishment. "That's something an awful lot of people seem to forget. You can't do it all yourself."

As a player, Mahovlich has been compared to many of the great ones, including Detroit's Gordie Howe and the Black Hawks' Bobby Hull. With his wide sweeps and long reach, he is most reminiscent of Montreal's Jean Beliveau. "He has everything that Beliveau has," says the Canadiens' Coach Toe Blake, "and maybe he has even more right now. But," Blake adds significantly, "Beliveau has had it for years. Mahovlich must still face the test of time."

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TRACK / James Murray

A big night for Wilma

The three-time Olympic gold
medalist was the star at
the Los Angeles Invitational

Indoor track meets used to run off
an occasional race for women just to
fill a gap in the program and to
lead a note of variety to the suc-
cession of events. But the promoters of
the second annual Los Angeles In-
vitational meet last week scheduled a 60-
yard dash for women as the feature
of the evening and reached a long
arm all the way across the country to
Tennessee to fetch its prize entrant:
the beautiful Olympic medalist, Wil-
ma Rudolph.

Wilma did her job well. She made
herself gracefully available for in-
terviews, and Los Angeles welcomed her
from city council to movie set. Rivers
of ink flooded her every appear-
ance. Los Angeles fans stormed the
sports arena in such numbers that a
sellout was posted one hour before
opening ceremonies, and the shutouts
were offering \$6 for \$2 seats, with no
takeouts.

For the 13,622 who got inside, the
show was well worth it. Wilma, who
appeared to be having the time of
her young life, showed up poised,
friendly, innocently flirtatious and
nine pounds heavier than she had
been at Rome. But she had no trou-
ble disposing of the world record in
her event in both heat and final.
Running against girls who would be
hard put to beat her kid sisters to
the bathroom mirror in the morning,
she added another world record (6.9
seconds) for the indoor 60-yard dash)
to her extraordinary string of achieve-
ments.

There were men at the meet, too.

Parry O'Brien, the great beached whale of the shotput, served notice that he may put to sea again, perhaps in the direction of Tokyo in 1964, when he sent the shot 63 feet 1½ inches, eight inches better than the indoor world record he had set in 1960. Ralph Boston, Wilma's schoolmate at Tennessee A&I, broke the indoor world record in the broad jump with a leap of 25 feet 10 inches. László Tabari, the indestructible Hungarian, led the pack home in the two-mile run in 8:53.5, which was good time before Murray Halberg disintegrated the indoor world record two Saturdays ago (81, Jan. 28).

Olympic 400-meter champion Otis Davis, whose straight-up style of running gives him the appearance of a man about to do a back flip at any time, staved off an exciting final kick in the 500 by the consistent and persistent Eddie Southern. Jim Beatty, who had beaten Dyrce Burleson in the mile in Oregon the week before, beat Ernie Cunliffe this time (Burleson was in New Zealand, where he defeated Murray Halberg in a slow 1,500 meters). Cunliffe's late drive forced Beatty to run a 57-flat final quarter, but the time was a disappointing 4:56.4.

Boston, sporting a white leather cap identical to teammate Wilma's ("Rudolph and I bought them just before we left Tennessee; they're all the rage down there"), and the ageless O'Brien were voted the "outstanding athletes of the meet" for moving the Los Angeles Invitational solidly into the record books, where California's stop-watch set likes to be.

Lady's night

But it really was wonderful Wilma's night. Indeed, it might be her decade. Wilma won without bathering to remove her wristwatch, and there was some indication she could have carried her purse. Everyone in the massive sports arena, possibly excepting the girls she defeated, was quite in love with Wilma Rudolph. Wilma herself, politely but firmly excusing herself from the swarm of newsmen who pursued her to the door, chose to leave hand in hand with Halp Boston. The two of them fed happily through the trees of Exposition Park to a waiting car, wearing their brand-new world records lightly, just like any other couple on a Saturday night.

690

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. J. HARRIS FOR LIFE

The Spirit of Adventure



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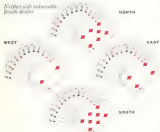
Finessing the finesse

Lee Hazen, a New York lawyer, is frequently quoted in bridge columns, and with very good reason, for he has been one of this country's most respected players for more than twenty years.

He also is a talented reconteur. One of his favorite stories is about a player who fessed against both of the defenders for a mising queen and won both finesses. His first finess was through Hazen up to dummy's ace-10-small. Since Hazen had the queen, this finess succeeded. Several tricks and many minutes later, declarer led a low card from the board up to his own king-jack. He played the jack, and Hazen immediately and erringly followed with a small card rather than his queen. As Hazen put it, "The only question about this hand was which was worse, declarer's memory or my eyesight."

Recently Hansen came up with a new twist to the two-way frame. He calls it "the two-way non-frame." The way the bidding went will require a little explaining, but this was the deal:

Neither side palatable
South denser



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1#	PASS	3#	PASS
2#	PASS	3 S.T.	PASS
3#	PASS	4#	PASS
4#	PASS	5#	PASS
5#	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: queen of spades

Hazen was South, and let him explain his three-diamond bid himself. "I can only tell you that my partner plays what you might term a flexible two no trump. That bid could have meant that he just did not like either of my suits, or that if we were going to play the hand at no trump he would like to have had the fan of being declarer. Anyway, we got to within one trick of our best contract when North bid five clubs. We could have made six in that suit."

I cannot say that this is a perfectly satisfactory justification of South's rebid of his four-card suit, but that action did lead to an interesting contract.

At first glance Hasez's problem, namely, how to win 11 tricks at diamonds, appeared to hinge on guessing which opponent held the queen of diamonds, but declarer made the hand by playing both opponents for that card.

South won the first trick with the king of spades, cashed the ace of clubs and the ace-king of hearts, then led a spade to dummy's ace. He ruffed a low club with the 8 of diamonds and trumped his remaining spade with dummy's diamond 7 when West showed out, discarding a club.

A third round of clubs was trumped with the diamond 9, dropping West's king. The stage was now set for the double no-trump. South led a low heart and trumped it with dummy's ace of diamonds. Then he led another club and trumped that one with his diamond king.

South now had 10 tricks home, and a heart lead, trumped with dummy's 10 of diamonds, was bound to produce the 11th. Either it would win that trick or it would establish South's jack when, as was the case, East overruffed.

By maneuvering as he did, declarer insured the contract no matter where the diamond queen lay. As you will observe, if he had risked an overruff with the diamond queen by either defender, a trump return would have beaten him. His line of play precluded this defense.

RETNA TRICK

The next time you are faced with a two-way finesse for a missing queen, stop and think. The solution of your problem may be the two-way non-finesse. That is, you may be able to allow for the queen to be in both defenders' hands. Simply by counting the tricks you most likely will win without finessing at all.

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A TRIP FOR TEN TALL MEN

The bizarre and the pathetic are encountered daily by basketball's Los Angeles Lakers as they crisscross the country to meet their demanding schedule

by JAMES MURRAY



On Christmas Day, at a moment when the rest of the country was opening presents, basting turkeys or saluting the holiday over steaming punchbowls of Tom and Jerry's, the members of the Los Angeles Lakers professional basketball team climbed onto a jet plane to fly to New York and thus begin the year's most exhausting road trip—six cities and

six games in nine days. The temperature in Los Angeles was in the 80s when they left. The sun was shining brightly and the horizon was cloudless. Swimming pools winked in the distance. Nonetheless, each of the players boarded with a heavy overcoat across his arm. This was because the trip was to be in the zero Fahrenheit belt. Their goodbye kisses to their wives—all but two of the 10 on the traveling squad are married—were perfunctory and preoccupied. There isn't much to say to a loved one from whom you must be separated over both Christmas and New Year's. A few moments later they were airborne—depressed, irritable, off on the longest nine days of their young lives. Here is their story of that trip:

New York, Dec. 26, Dressing Room 34 at Madison Square Garden was a dingy, bare place with peeling plaster walls, a row of coat hooks above a line of splintery benches and a bath and shower room that afforded no privacy. A bare-bulb overhead light shone down on the rippling brown muscles of the powerful Elgin Baylor as he irritably wrenched his shirt over his head. "Damn Garden," he growled. "You'd think they could give you better quarters than this, all the money they make." Across the room, the blond, lanky Jim Krebs, a Texan from St. Louis, needed him. "How you know they make so much money? You seen their books?"

A roar from the crowd outside interrupted Baylor's retort. Between Krebs and Elgin Baylor the retorts are endless, an affectionate but relentless banter that the rest of the team only half listens to. "Who they cheering out there?" demanded Baylor. A teammate, Tom Hawkins, wildly slipped out to find out. On the boards above stairs, the Harlem Globe Trotters were gyrating through their well-rehearsed routines, which only superficially resemble basketball. Hawkins responded. "Willie Mays, they were cheering Willie," he advised. Baylor grunted. "He's still something around here, New York, I guess." "He's nothing at all in San Francisco," said Jim

Krebs. "They don't dig him up there."

Krebs surveyed Baylor critically. "Elgin," he demanded, "didn't you charge those damn shorts? Those are the same damn shorts you had on yesterday," Baylor, a fastidious man, bristled. "How come you say that?" he shouted. "Those were red with a gray band, these are gray with a red band. You think I'm like you? I change 'em, man." Krebs grinned delightedly. The outraged outburst was precisely what he hoped for. Elgin angrily, or mock angrily, strode off in the direction of the duffel bag to yank his playing clothes from its center.

Elgin Baylor is, as it happens, the best player on the Lakers. He may be the best player in basketball. At 6 feet 5 he is not exceptionally tall by basketball's standards. But he is exceptionally strong by any standards. He scores points by bulging his way to the basket. When Baylor gets the ball, the opposition scatters like quail at the sight of the hunter, streaming backwards on the double for the deadly desperate business of stopping him. Their tactics seldom succeed. Few players around the league are physically equal to the chore of slowing Baylor down.

But Baylor was sluggish this night. So were the Lakers. The New York Knicks, at the moment the worst team in pro basketball, were leading at the half 66-36. It was a dismal start for the long trip east, and if the New York fans were happy in the main, one chunky, swarthy character was not. He scrambled down the stairs on fat legs as the Lakers rushed for the dressing room. "Hey, Baylor, stay down there! Why'n't ya stay inna dressing room? Stay there, ya hear!"

The fan was not the only one mad at the Lakers. Coach Fred Schaus was white-lipped with rage, and the sounds of one-way battle poured out of the dressing room throughout the intermission. The Lakers silently hang their heads and absorbed it. "I never heard him name names before," marveled Krebs later. "We deserved it," was the comment of the rookie, Jerry West.

The abuse took effect. Baylor flashed through basket after basket. He scored 44 points for the night. The Lakers out-

continued



scored the Knicks 76-53 in the second half as Baylor frequently outwrestled the whole New York squad under the offensive boards. It was not enough. The final horn found the Lakers still in arrears 119-112.

The Lakers dressed in silence after the game. Then the door flew open and the first autograph hounds bounded in. They held their programs to Baylor first. "Hey, Jerry," Baylor leered wickedly at Krebs. "How do you spell Khrushchev?" "K-R-U-S-C-H-E-V," innocently advised Krebs. Baylor was overjoyed. "Now, it's K-H-R-U-S-C-H-E-V. How come, here's a man, his name is in the papers every day, and you don't know how to spell it?" Happily he scribbled "Khrushchev" on a boy's program, and then, because he was one up on Krebs, he scrawled "Elgin Baylor" under it.

To Baylor, the public is just one vast army of Jimmy Kreebes, something to needle and agitate. On the cab ride to the Garden from the Hotel Manhattan, the cabbie, not surprisingly, spotted Baylor and teammate Tommy Hawkins, a graceful, handsome Negro from Notre Dame, as athletes. "Hey, you guys playin' or somethin' in the Garden tonight?" he wanted to know. "Yeah," insolently answered Baylor, "we're fightin' the main event. I'm Elgin Baylor, the well-known heavy-weight, and this here's Tom Hawkins, my opponent." "Oh, yeah?" The driver was happily impressed. "You're fightin' and you're in the same cab? That's a hot one. You ain't read at each other?" "Course not," scorned Baylor. "We're the best of friends. I might let him win," he said as he debarked somberly from the cab, leaving the driver open-mouthed and staring.

After the game the Lakers and the Knicks scrambled aboard the same charter bus for a trip to Newark, and ultimately to Syracuse by chartered plane. Front featured the windows as the players settled back for the ride under the Hudson. "What was it like in L.A. when you left?" the Knicks' Richie Guerin wanted to know. "Eighty degrees," Hot Rod Hundley told him

truly. "It's like that five days a week out there." From the back of the bus came a scornful "I'd get sick of that." Hundley looked out at the slash-ridden streets slipping past under the wheels. "I'd get sick of this," he growled.



Newark, Dec. 27. It was 1 a.m. and a cold wind rattled off the Jersey wastelands as the Lakers and the Knicks struggled through the airport. A porter dispiritedly swabbed at a muddy floor with a sodden mop, from the entrails of which spirals of steam issued.

Suddenly, from an open door, a pert stewardess sauntered past the towering silhouettes. The Lakers went into an all-out court stall. A low whistle emerged, and then, although none of them had ever seen the young lady before, someone told her loudly, "I love you very much." The Lakers nearly fell down laughing, helpless in their merriment. "Was that you, Rudy? That was you, I heard you," insisted Elgin Baylor. Rudy LaRusso, tall second-year forward, one of the few Ivy Leaguers (Dartmouth) in professional sports, looked hurt. "It was somebody else," he said.

As the Lakers made their way up the loading ramp of the Mohawk airliner, LaRusso dangled in his huge hand, in addition to his duffel, a gaudy Christmas package. It was a toaster given him

by his family in Brooklyn for his bride in Los Angeles. As the trip went on, players forgot watches, books, rings, even shoes at one point. But Rudy never forgot his toaster. It became a sort of symbol of the whole trip—the very last

Christmas present, melancholy reminder of their lost holiday.

Syracuse, Dec. 27. It was 5th and snowing steadily when the plane landed at the Syracuse airport. It was also past 2 in the morning. The terminal was deserted, and Rudy LaRusso, striding in and surveying the emptiness, put his hand in his pocket and commanded, "All right, everybody, this is a sickup." Hundley, joining him, moaned, "Syracuse—this town is out to lunch."

In the all-night lunchroom a few bleary-eyed refugees from skid row, killing the empty hours until the bars would open again, regarded the entrance of the team with little interest. The tired counterwoman stared at the forest of players queued up. "You must be with some team," she guessed. "Yeah," said Baylor, "the Los Angeles Lakers. We're midget wonderfols."

The next day snow flurries dashed across the face of downtown Syracuse, and the alternating temperature-time signs in front of a savings-and-loan building read a bare 19° as Hot Rod Hundley looked out the window of the room in the Onondaga Hotel he shared with Elgin Baylor.

Hot Rod Hundley is a man who has made only casual inroads into the domain of culture. The trouble is, he forgets books, leaves them in hotel rooms. This day he was bemoaning the loss of Robert Ruark's *Pass No More* in a hotel room in New York. "This guy's a real head, see. He's making a play for his girl friend's old lady, in the kind of a guy he is. Only she's a nut and they keep putting her away and this guy is telling her she oughtn't to be in the nut house. This is because she's rich and this guy wants the dough. You wouldn't believe a guy could be so rotten. . . . Damn, I wish I hadn't of left that book in the hotel."

A few years ago Hot Rod similarly mislaid the biography of Clarence Darrow (*For the Defense*), and he never did

find out how the Scoopes trial came out. "Hot Rod," taunts Jim Krebs, "is a man who can tell you every word of every book he's ever read—'cause he's only read two."

The game in Syracuse was another discourager for the Lakers. With 37 seconds to go, the score was 113-113 when the home-team Nationals missed a layup basket. Krebs and Hundley came down with the ball. Either could have had it but together they wobbled it out of bounds. The Nats' Hal Greer grabbed it, shot again, missed, and Elgin Baylor came down with the ball. With 23 seconds to go and only 16 in which to take a shot, Baylor passed it over to Jerry West, the best jump shot on the team. West popped for the basket, missed. There were only four seconds to play when John Kerr, 7'4½ feet from the basket, leaped and threw. It swished through the net for a Syracuse win.

In the dressing room the Lakers were too stunned even to talk for a while. Hundley, sitting in a corner smoking and drying out, angrily asked the air, "Did you ever see such lousy officiating?" He spread his hands. "Kerr was that far out of bounds. And I was fouled on that shot of Jerry's. What the hell do you think [Referee] Duffy was looking at out there? This town," he concluded, "is out to lunch."

to tell my kids," Ray shook his head. "No, I'm not. But if you're looking to give Wilt some money, I'll take it for him." A lady huffed annoyedly by. "You'd think this was a gymnasium," she sniffed.

The driving rain pelted against the cab on the way to Convention Hall. Jim Krebs explained his basic philosophy vis-à-vis tipping. "I hate tipping," he said. "I give 'em a quarter. If they don't want it, they can just give it back."

The game was a happy one, for a change. The Lakers coasted to their first win 111-95.

Hot Rod felt good under the circumstances, and announced he would treat himself to a beer after the game. Hot Rod is a brown-eyed, blond-headed ball-handling expert who hates basketball and road trips with equal passion. In Philadelphia's Latimer Club, a favorite hangout, he enthusiastically poured a split of beer in a fronted glass and made a short speech. "You know something?" he began. "I hate basketball so much that I go up to the officials before every game and say, 'How many games we got left?' Know what I said tonight? I said, 'Seemly, just think, only 42 games left.'"

He took another swallow. A blonde came alongside. Her voice was soft. "Hello, Rod," she said. "Why, hello, honey, how've you been?" answered Rod.

He turned to a friend. "Honey, I want to introduce you to my buddy here. Uh, what did you say your name was, honey?" The blonde batted her big eyes. "Desiree," she breathed huskily. Rod swallowed hard. "Oh, sure," he said. "Desiree. This is Desiree. Well, nice to see you, Desiree."

Desiree wandered back down to the other end of the bar. Hundley was struggling with laughter. "Used to see her a year ago. She's here every time I been here. Desiree—that's a hot one. Who in hell was Desiree?" "She was Napoleon's mistress," he was told. Hundley laughed. "If her real name's Desiree, mine's Tab Hunter." He jumped up. "C'mon, let's get outta here. Gotta go call home. It's only 9 o'clock out in Los Angeles."

St. Louis, Dec. 30. The casual cruelty of the nickname is as prevalent in pro basketball as elsewhere in the world of sport. Frank Selvy, the Lakers' able, veteran playmaker, is Fab to his fellow players for the sardonic remark that he was usually referred to as Fabulous Frank in his collegiate days, when he set an alltime scoring record. The fact that he has never quite lived up to his advance promise—thanks is large part to a two-year Army stint—only heightens the zest with which the players

continued

Philadelphia, Dec. 29. The flight from Syracuse was a hedgehop through barely allowable ceiling limits. "Can you see the ground?" Krebs demanded nervously from time to time. The flight passed over a scheduled stop at Wilkes-Barre, which could not be cleared for landing.

In Philadelphia rain poured down on ice-slicked streets. The shoeshine boys lining the terminal ramp were delighted. "There's ol' Tom Hawkin," grinned one. "Hawk, give 'em your autograph," urged Jim Krebs. "They don't want his autograph, they want Ivy Baker Priest's," cracked Baylor. "They're not basketball fans, they're money fans."

The lobby of the Bellevue-Stratford was a warm, glowing oasis in a drenched city. The rich aromas of winter cigar smoke and heady winter whisky hung in the air. A man hustled up to the Lakers' 6-foot-11 center, Ray Fells. "Are you Wilt the Stilt?" he demanded. "I'd like



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roll his nickname off their tongues. When things are too quiet, Hot Rod Hundley frequently lapses into the stilted stentorian of the public-address announcer to introduce "Fabulous Frank Selvy, the pride of Fummas, the player of the decade. Once scored a hundred points in one game." "Hey, Fab," he shouts, "didn't the horn blow before you got that last bucket in? You didn't really hit for a C one, did you?"

Selvy, poker-faced, unmindful, lets a bare trace of a grin circle the corners of his mouth. The quiet man of the Lakers, he also answers to the nicknames of Ish, Niffles, and Pops. Jerry West, the baby-faced rookie rapidly acquiring big-league stature in the NBA, is Zeke. "Ever hear him talk?" demands fellow West Virginian Hundley. "Man, he sounds like he's got two sweet potatoes in his mouth and a chew of tobacco. That ain't even Dixie. That's hillybilly. If you can understand him, you got two free throws. It is English, isn't it, Zeke?"

Selvy and West were roommates on the Christmas week trip. Lakers Coach Fred Schauer is insistent that no cliques form on his team, and rotates roommates without regard to race, personal preference or player friendships.

The game in St. Louis was another disaster for the Lakers. The Hawks' front line of Clyde Lovellette, Cliff Hagan and Bob Pettit, basketball's best, was hard put to contain the Lakers until Coach Paul Seymour reached into his reserves for Woody Saundberry, an erratic shooter but a physical powerhouse. Elgin Baylor's 34-point average, which usually takes a tumble at the hands of the skilled Hawks anyway, thudded to 23 points. He whopped in five quick field goals against Hagan in the first quarter, but when Saundberry was substituted Baylor flicked off only one for 12 in the second half. The final score was 107-99.

In the dressing room the officials, as usual, bore the brunt of the blame. The officials in the NBA, for some reason, are mostly plain-faced men, holdovers from the days when players' personalities were less active, and frequently they stretch only a little above the players' navels. There is hardly a basketball player in the league who does not believe

this disqualifies most referees from even seeing what goes on at the heights.

Outside in the St. Louis night it was balmy by Syracuse standards. But by the time the late-showing Hundley had emerged, calm had gone. Hot Rod calibrated the three-block walk to the hotel with no enthusiasm. "There'll be one along," he said hopefully. "Let's walk," said the restless Selvy. Hundley sighed.

At the hotel Hundley suggested, "Let's go out to Charlie Share's place. Everybody'll be there. He says he'll pay the cabfare if we come." Selvy was reluctant. "I'm hungry. Besides, nobody will be there. It's off limits for the Hawks." "We'll eat," promised Hundley. "Let's go."

Charlie's place was not off limits for the Syracuse Nats or Cincinnati Royals, who had played in the first game of the night's double-header. The small roadhouse was abode with basketball players.

The talk ran to shoptalk and the beverage was beer. No one criticized anyone's play—only the officiating. Night's end found Selvy contentedly eating antipasto and spaghetti and meat balls, in the company of Hundley, a sportswriter and Alex Hannan, Syracuse coach.

Detroit, Dec. 31. Ray Felix, the Lakers' 6-foot-11, 220-pound Negro center, is the oldest and tallest man on the team. His life between games seems a lonely, endless vigil at bridge games. He never plays, just watches. He sleeps often. On plane trips he frequently seeks out the single seat in the rear of a Constellation, where he can sprawl his incredibly long legs without pre-empting the space of several passengers ahead. He never reads.

Nearly every time the Lakers play, fans laugh at Felix. Which is sad because Ray does not try to be funny. He is in deadly earnest on the basketball floor, in pursuit of the ball, he gallops downcourt like a startled egret, arms flapping, eyes blinking, feet pounding. He plays with such furious dedication that he is apt to burst into tears of frustration when he can't get the ball, which is most of the time. He averages more fouls a game than any player on the team and

almost all of them are unintentional.

Ray means well. Offcourt, he is a kindly but confused human being who has known the heartache of being a near freak all his life. "Ray," says a teammate carefully, "is always afraid you are laughing at him. And this is understandable, because usually you are."

In Detroit it was suddenly New Year's Eve. Low gray clouds and dirty gray weather held the city in thrall. Somewhere, somehow, the citizens of America were celebrating the advent of the new year. But not in downtown Detroit. The Caprice Room of the Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel was ready for a crowd of celebrators. But at 11:30 p.m., only one customer sat at the tables. Hot Rod Hundley had a party hat on, a notemaker in hand, a horn in his mouth—and a bottle of beer on the table. "Where is everybody? Have they evacuated Detroit? What's going on?" he demanded. The maitre-d' shrugged. "I wish I knew," he admitted, proffering a hat and horn to a new customer joining Hundley.

Hot Rod sighed. "Ain't this the fist? This town is out to lunch. Let's get up to the room. Coach is going to put through phone calls to all the guys' wives. I'm going to talk to my wife first on his phone at midnight here and then I'm going to call her at 3 when it's midnight in California."

Upstairs, the Lakers, some of them in sweat suits, preparing for early retirement, were watching collegiate playoffs on television. They were watching apathetically. At midnight the coach hauled out a jereboam of champagne and a platter of sandwiches. The sandwiches disappeared first. Then there was a toast to the new year.

Tomorrow would be another game, another loss. Then Philadelphia again. Then -home.

Glasses were raised. Outside, in the city, a few horns blew. Cries of "Happy New Year-ee-ee" sounded drunkenly through the hotel corridors. The Lakers drank quietly.

"Hot damn," said Hundley. "Just 40 more games and it's all over." **END**



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**FOR
THE RECORD**

A roundup of the sports information
of the week

BOATERS—FIVE DREAM, 49-horse power owned and skippered by Walter Chabot of Ft. Lauderdale, won the 48-mile run to Pensacola on the 100-mile race. Second was Capt. J. J. Perryman, skippered by Jack Pines of Ft. Lauderdale. Third was Capt. J. J. Perryman, skippered by J. J. Perryman. Fourth was Capt. J. J. Perryman, skippered by J. J. Perryman. Fifth was Capt. J. J. Perryman, skippered by J. J. Perryman.

[illegible]

FIELD TRIAL—LIFARI, a white-and-orange female pointer handled by John Carey, defeated a field of 37 pointers and mixtures to win the Ontario Association's Open 88-Age championship at Wilmot, Ont.

FIGURE 10 JANETTE LIGHT-FACED CLIP of Storyland won the International Light Festival championship at Palm Beach, Fla., with a three-day total of 18 releases on 25-cm. film. Her top spots: Cape May, N.J. (1st), with 34 releases. Individual winners: J. M. BUTTON JR., of Cincinnati, takes national title with

GOLF—**RENNY** (Robby) Roy, 1930, Ocala, Fla., captured a 14-hole birdie putt on the final hole of the 36-hole Florida women's invitational at Poinsett Park Club, to win with a 72-hole total of 282 over par 12.

JACK NICHOLS 14, 35, of Clearwater, Fla., defeated George Niggerty of Dunedin 1 up to win the American women's 18-hole tournament at Berkley, Fla.

HOCKEY MONTREAL held on to first place in the NHL, with Toronto second and Chicago third.

a prominent dip in a Kentucky Dingo herpetal last year, with the \$61,400 Tropical Pacific Stand-up by 1½ lengths over Consistency Sings. Under Heavy Duty, Emerson Future covered the 11, mile in 1:17.1.

[illegible][illegible]

ROVER SPEEDS INOON CARLITE in Tampa broke the world's drag-plate record with a speed of 199.96 mph in just six seconds.

JACK BRASHIAN, driving a Cougar, bested rival Sterling Allen, who was second, in the 100-mile Jack Rabbit Trophy race at Pompano Beach.

[illegible]

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The downhill race in the Hahnenkamm International at Kitzbühel, Austria, produced the first of the three-mile races. Started with 16 guys, a 2:09.5, Soviet Austrian's Igor Zastavovskiy by 7:13 second, finished last the slalom in Austria's Gerhard Nöcker, who had a time of 2:00.5, but won the slalom. Traudl Hecher, 17-year-old placed second American, was the women's downhill in a 1-1/2-mile race about 300 yards to long as the men's with a time of 1:55.7, and the women's slalom was the slotted race. When the German's in a World War II was around in back the downhill and slalom.

[illegible][illegible]

STILLBORN, 34, 1990, 20-year-old victim was seen, along with 16-month-old daughter, Mary, 10, lying in her 1.7-ton car for Jan. 21, Auckland, New Zealand. Evidence of the car was found there was 1984, a New Zealand report.

slight surprise, NORBERT SCHENKOWSKY of Dearborn, Mich., became Olympic Champion, broke the world two-hand Offside world record, held by Russia's Yuri Vlasov, with a 300 of 348 points in a 3-A* meet in Garmisch.

REPORTS SIGNED: NORM VAN RIGHE, LIN, 41, Philadelphia sportsbook man and the Eagles on the National Football League championship, is three-year winner as head coach.

COACH: BILL KLIER, JR., head coach who transformed George Washington from a losing to a winning (23-11) football power in the Southern Conference in one year, on head coach of the

STUART HILTON DOBBIE, artistic director of the University of Texas, at last found a coach, replacing his brother Bobby who resigned last season.

STINKER: HIGHLY CLINGING, B. common south of Alabama, as head football coach at Virginia Tech.

[illegible]

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

[illegible]

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

Although many of the nation's college basketball players were busy with mid-year exams, some missed basketball with books. This versatility may have demonstrated by Ohio State, which methodically stretched its winning streak to 18. However, DePaul, after 11 in a row, reluctantly left the unbeaten ranks.

THE EAST

While St. John's and Ivy League leader Princeton sat in the dorms in the class rooms, St. Joseph's turned up its last break and whipped Kansas 94-76. The quick Hawks, led by eager sophomore Fred Crawford and senior Tom Blitt, ran Carolina bedwagged, left their New York neighbors far behind before the reserves took over.

Providence, forced into double overtime by ambitious Niagara, finally won 78-74 when big Jim Hudant calmly dropped in two foul shots with four seconds to play. PH, suddenly emerging from obscurity, tossed a scare into West Virginia before losing 73-68, then out-fought Temple 80-75 in overtime. Army, bigger and more talented than in recent years, edged Williams 80-65 on Ben Hammon's buzzer shot and beat Columbia 68-40 with superior defense for its sixth straight. Penn tied up Villanova's Hubie White with a tight game and surprised the Wildcats 63-62, but lost to LaSalle 67-63. The top three:

1. ST. JOSEPH'S (10-1)
2. ST. JOHN'S (10-0)
3. NIAGARA (10-1)

THE SOUTH

Tanned by rivals (Maryland cheerleaders spelled out P-N-C-B-A-T-I-O-N), NCAA-banned North Carolina nevertheless won gristly about its business. York Lammie and Doug Moe scored 14 of the Tar Heels' 61 points against North Carolina best Maryland 66-62. But Coach Frank McGuire was far from pleased: "I told them to stop standing around admiring Lammie and Moe and shoot some hoops." Against North Carolina State, the Tar Heels did just that. Lammie and Moe scored 27 each, Jim Huston helped out with 28, and North Carolina won handsomely, 97-66, to the title Duke for the Atlantic Coast Conference lead.

It seemed unlikely, but Mississippi State was in command in the Southeastern Conference. The young Miamon gave Georgia Tech's Roger Kaiser the long shot and

31 points, concentrated on stopping the Jackets inside and beat them 62-61 in overtime on six points by Jerry Graves. Mississippi was next, and State earned 25 points in the last six minutes to win 68-48.

"They could kick up quite a fuss," said West Virginia's George King before his team played Virginia Tech. But Tech kicked up a fuss long before the game started. Coach Chuck Noe suspended starters Bruce Koller and Bob Anderson for disciplinary reasons ("they were more than an hour late for a normal squad meeting"). And Tech was no match for the Mountaineers at Morgantown. Red Thorn and Jim McCormick wrecked the UPI-standing record 41 points between them, and West Virginia won 83-78 to break a tie for first in the Southern Conference. Earlier, Furman up-set The Citadel 92-84 to knock the Bulldogs out of first place.

Louisville, beaten by Xavier 84-77, picked a nationwide TV date to wrap a two-game losing streak. The Cardinals crushed Dayton's zone, caught the Flyers in a cold spell and won 63-56. The top three:

1. NORTH CAROLINA (11-1)
2. KANSAS (10-1)
3. LOUISVILLE (10-1)

THE WEST

Utah Coach Jack Gardner rarely has to worry about his offense. He just turns loose Billy McGill and considers the job done. But his defense is another matter. It sometimes looks like a wind-whipped umbrella. Last week Brigham Young found it that way. With Gary Barnett jump-shooting accurately from behind a split-second screen for 36 points and Dave Randle matching McGill's 32 points, BYU took advantage of Utah's too loose man-to-man and open the Redskins 51-96. Next night the Utes closed up the gaps and easily beat Montana 73-56. But it was too late to keep Colorado State No. 2 99-53 winner of New Mexico, when taking the Skyline lead. The top three:

1. UTECH (10-1)
2. STAN (10-0)
3. UCLA (10-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

It is now clear that Texas is the team to beat in the Southwest Conference. Last week the aggressive Longhorns weren't quite up to the task of outlasting Texas

A&M's brilliant Carroll Brumard, who slipped in 37 points despite a harassing, fouling defense—but 37 wasn't enough. Allen Miamon and pesky little Jerry Gilbert outthrew and outscored the other Aggies, and Texas won 81-74 to take its first place.

Texas A&M met Brumard had no more luck against independent Houston. The Cougars "held" Brumard to 26 points and beat the Aggies 83-85 after Ted Luckenbill pulled them out of an 83-83 tie with three minutes to go. Then Houston faltered at Miami and lost to the hot-shooting Hurricanes 89-78. The top three:

1. TEXAS (10-1)
2. HOUSTON (10-1)
3. OKLAHOMA CITY (10-1)

THE MIDWEST

For a few wild moments Minnesota's tricked-up three-two offense, which sent the little Gopher guards scurrying for the basket and kept Jerry Lucas and John Havlicek away from the boards, had Ohio State on the run. Then the Barkleys adjusted their defenses, focused them on a 10-point bar, and soon thereafter Minnesota was trapped. Lammie scored 22 points, Havlicek got 16, and Ohio State won 73-56. But things didn't work out as well for Iowa. Ponder hoisted the usually vigorous Hawkeyes with a ragging pass, slowed them down with a cautious ball-control game, and talented Terry Disinger did the rest. Terry scored 17

points.



GRACEFUL LEAP by Wootch Robertson carries him past Earl's Chamberlain for soft layup in All-Star game (see page 66).

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

rebounds, scored 19 points and led the Badmashers to a 47-41 victory.

Big Right leader Kansas, upset by Oklahoma State 54-49, made a comeback against Kansas State. The Jayhawks avoided a hit until their pattern began to work, then used the rebounding and scoring of Bill Bridges and Wayne High-tower to beat the Wildcats 75-66.

DePaul's hopes for a return to the glory of the George Mikan days died at Notre Dame. The tough-tough Irish, who almost never loose a home game, simply overpowered DePaul to win 61-55. And it was some serious basketball, where Western Michigan whipped the Blue Demons 85-63. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (50-9)
2. BRANDEIS (44-1)
3. IOWA (43-4)

THE PROS

Boston's glib Red Auerbach, who had confidently predicted, "We'll win because we're better," ruefully scannched his own words after the West outman, outshot, outrebounded and generally outplayed Auerbach's Red team 153-131 in the annual NBA All-Star game at Madison. It was no contest after the West unleashed a withering first-quarter attack for a 47-19 lead. St. Louis' sturdy Clyde Lovellette was too much for Philadelphia's Wilt Chamberlain, who was holed, battered, banged and cut-down several under the boards and held to two field goals. When Wilt dropped off Lovellette shot over him for 21 points. When he moved outside Chamberlain's quick Oscar Robertson (23 points) and St. Louis' magnificent Bob Pettit (29 points) died in his own throat in the basket. Not even Boston's Bill Russell, who rebounded well and scored 24 points, could slow up the two-handed Westerners. When it was over boyish West Coach Paul Seymour had the last word ("We beat 'em good, and that's what they needed"), and Robertson had the Most Valuable Player trophy.

Meanwhile, the NBA Board of Governors voted to expand with Chicago and Pittsburgh next season. And a storm broke. Pittsburgh Promoter John Harris, who blantly admits, "I know nothing about basketball," sees bad his foot in his mouth. His announcement that Boston's Bill Russell would be his mark drew an angry blast from Celtic Owner Walter Brown. "I was never consulted," said Brown. "Sharman is under contract to me. I may want him for a coach myself." Next day Harris threw up his hands, decided that pro basketball was indeed too confusing and withdrew his bid. At last look Chicago was still in for 1962; Boston led the Eastern Division by 2½ games; St. Louis led the West by 4½.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

VISIBLY TOPS

Sir:
Gilbert Regis's *The Invisible Champion* (Jan. 16) is one of the most sensitive, thoughtful and understanding biographical pieces it has ever been my pleasure to read.

RICHARD W. WEST

Washington, D.C.

Sir:
The stroke-by-stroke description of Arnold Palmer's personal nightmare on the 18th hole during the Los Angeles Open (Sportsweek, Jan. 16) will be re-created for years to come. But it should be added, I think, that Palmer's actions following his four out-of-bounds will be remembered far just as long a time by many of us who saw him.

He remained quiet, seemingly unperturbed, and waited for his turn on the green. Afterwards, he immediately set out upon the task of signing autographs for eight or 10 young boys who were waiting for him. In keeping with being chosen your Sportsman of the Year, his composure under the most trying conditions remained that of a real champion—even if his golf for a minute or two had not.

PATRICK A. LEBLANC

South Pasadena, Calif.

ODDS AND GABLES

Sir:
Your story on basketball player Terry Disinger of Purdue (*Ghost Along the Wabash*, Jan. 22) was spirited enough, but your writer doesn't know a foul shot from a shot foul. Purdue doesn't stand a ghost of a chance against Ohio State or Indiana this season.

GORDON COLE

Indianapolis

Sir:
I would like to call your attention to the fact that there are basketball games played in the West! And there is one player in the West Coast Athletic Conference who deserves mention: Saint Mary's All-America Tim Moschery.

It takes more than points to be a real All-American, and Tim Moschery has everything it takes: leadership, rebounding power, spirit, know-how. What's more, he has the points too. He averages 13 to 15 rebounds per game and, in the last two, made 30 assists. To date he has held the Gauley together for a 5-4 record which includes only two home games.

EDWARD F. MARTIN

Saint Mary's College, Calif.

HOCKEY IN THE HEART

Sir:
Thank God for culture and the Soviet-U.S. cultural exchange program. This program should not only be continued, it

should be enlarged and strengthened. True, the U.S. players took it on the chin in the hockey games (*Chibbered for Culture*, Jan. 16), but isn't it also possible that they took it in the heart, by getting to know their Soviet counterparts and seeing in them persons who are not unlike themselves?

WILLIAM JOHNSON

Warrilator, Pa.

Baltimore Colts Coach Weeb Ewbank into the bargain. Here they are in case your readers would like to have a look.

Frank Lane was a rugged and exacting football and basketball referee in those days. But in my opinion (and not just because he tossed me out of a game on one occasion) he left much to be desired as a baseball umpire.

Weeb Ewbank was big league baseball



FOOTBALL REFEREE FRANK LANE AND BALLPLAYER WEBB EWANK WAY BACK WHEN

PAST AND PRESENT

Sir:
Reading about Frank Lane's latest move as the new general manager of the Kansas City A's (*For This Record*, Jan. 16) put me in mind of some old snapshots I thought I had. And when I went to look—sure enough, there they were: a picture of Lane I took 20 years ago and one of

material. I played with him at Miami University for three years, and believe me, he could do it all. He also handled himself with the best in basketball in that long gone era when small men were still allowed on the court. In football he was just another guy named Joe.

FREDERICK LATSCHA

Cincinnati

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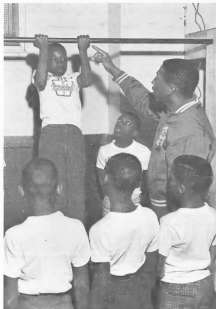
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WILMINGTON BOYS CLUB

Chin-up champ

As 13-year-old Samuel Clemens, hero of the Wilmington, N.C. Community Boys Club, sees it, chinning oneself is more than just good exercise—it's good fun as well. Thanks in part to this happy attitude, the lithe 70-pound youngster, shown here having his fun in company with a group of fellow clubmen, helped lead his

Wilmington team to a nationwide chinning title in the Boys' Clubs of America national pull-up championships. Sam explained his skill with a grin as wide as a chinning bar: "I like it. It makes me feel good." Sam's club director, Walter Bess, had a further explanation: "Pull-ups can help develop pretty strong personalities, too."



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